new masses

AUGUST 13, 1946

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A MUSICIAN'S WAR DIARY *by Marc Blitzstein*

SCHLESINGER: RANKIN HISTORIAN

by John Stuart

ART IN RED CHINA

by Jack Chen

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just a minute

IT WAS in November 1945 that the little acorn was planted. It isn't exactly a big oak now, but it's growing. "It" in this case is the idea of an annual Jewish History Week which NEW MASSES projected in its Nov. 27, 1945 issue. Our proposal was to establish something similar to Negro History Week, which is widely observed the week of February 12 and has been proclaimed in resolutions adopted in the past three years by the New York City Council. And we conceived of this Jewish History Week as an integral part of the fight against anti-Semitism and fascism.

The response was immediate and warm. All sorts of people expressed not only interest but a desire to work for a Jewish History Week. "NEW MASSES has thought up what seems to me to be a good idea," wrote Dr. S. Margoshes, one of the editors of the Jewish *Day*, in his English column in that newspaper. From Frank X. Martel, president of the Detroit and Wayne County Federation of Labor, came a letter telling us that the Federation had endorsed the idea. We queried a number of prominent individuals, Jews and non-Jews, and the response was preponderantly favorable. Among those who approved were A. W. Loos, secretary of the Department of Ministry to Servicemen of the Chicago YMCA; Nat Ganley, business agent, Local 155, United Automobile Workers-CIO; Prof. Robert Morss Lovett, former secretary of the Virgin Islands; Lee J. Levinger, educator and writer; Dorothy Day, editor of the *Catholic Worker;* Mrs. Rose I. Bender, executive director of the Philadelphia Chapter of the Zionist Organization of America; Rev. William Lloyd Imes, president of Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn.; Vida D. Scudder, professor emeritus of English, Wellesley College; Ben Gold, president of the International Fur and Leather Workers Union-CIO; Dr. Alain Locke, chairman of the philosophy department of Howard University; Dr. Raphael Mahler, Jewish historian and educator; Rev. William H. Melish, associate rector of the Holy Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn; and Mildred Fairchild, director of the department of social economy of Bryn Mawr.

With the help of NM a provisional committee for a Jewish History Week was set up. It is planned to establish a permanent body in the near future and to hold a conference in the fall or early winter. And sparks are shooting up in all sorts of places. The International Workers Order in California set aside its own Jewish History Week. The education department of the Greater New York Industrial Union Council went on record favoring such a week. The Furriers' Joint Council sent a delegation to Mayor O'Dwyer urging that New York designate a Jewish History Week. The Mayor thought it was a good idea. As for the Youth Section of the Jewish Peoples Fraternal Order, it has decided to make the campaign for a Jewish History Week one of its major tasks.

For further information on this subject write the Provisional Committee, c/o Committee of Jewish Writers and Artists, Room 1111, 19 W. 57th St., New York City.,

ALL of us at NEW MASSES were saddened last week by news of the death of Barbara Jewell, who until recently worked in our business office. Miss Jewell died at Montefiore Hospital after a long illness. A quiet, almost self-effacing person, Miss Jewell won the affection of her co-workers at NM and her comrades in the Communist Party by her unstinting giving of herself in everything she did. It was she who was largely responsible for the arrangements for NM's successful John Reed meeting last October. We shall miss her.

IN THIS issue you will find two new new features which we hope you'll like. *Portside Patter* by Bill Richards is a column of pungent capsule comment on the news. It will appear weekly. *The Clearing House* by Ruth Starr will give you interesting bits of information about personalities and groups in the cultural world. It will appear from time to time. We invite readers to send contributions to this department, addressing them to Miss Starr, care of NM. And let's have your reactions to both of these new features. A. B. M.

new masses

established 1911

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A MUSICIAN'S WAR DIARY

Enlisting in the 8th Air Force, the composer goes to England. He coaches a 200-voice Negro GI chorus in an epochal concert in London's Albert Hall.

By MARC BLITZSTEIN

Illustrated by Jack Levine.

Induction:

AUGUST 29, 1942. I have just enlisted in the US Army Eighth Air Force at Bolling Field, Washington, D.C., after months of attempting to join the Army in some capacity where I might be useful. "Useful" is the operative word: I am thirty-seven years old; and after a life as a pianist, composer and generally sedentary character, I entertain certain not-too-far-fetched doubts about my abilities as a foot-soldier, gunner, combat-figure. Nonetheless, it is a war I conceive to be my war; I want to be in it, and close to where it is happening. Now William Wyler, the Hollywood director, has offered me work in the 8th Air Force public relations outfit, doing scripts and music for 8th Air Force films which he will make. The number "8th" appears to have a secret and special meaning, which I am not yet hep to; but the work will be in London, which has just got over the blitzes, and which would seem to be the central springboard for whatever European theater activities are planned. There is no quota for officers, so I shall be a private; but I shall be doing a job I feel I can do. Typhus, smallpox, typhoid, tetanus shots almost immediately upon induction; one of them lays me low right on the aisle-floor of a theater in Washington, where Joe Ferrer and Uta Hagen have invited me to the premiere of what they hope is a farce-comedy; I am an unwilling saboteur of the proceedings. Okay; in ten days I shall be moved to a POE, and then London.

Convoy:

THIS is Devil's Island-at-sea. Six thousand guys crammed into a Dutch ship that used to handle a few hundred tourists around the East Indies; leased to the British, re-leased to the US as a troopship. We sleep, eat, live and try to maintain vainly the simplest of human privacies in one large room. The lucky ones have found hammocks to string up and sleep on; the less lucky sleep on dining tables. From then on, it is a gradual descent, via benches, floor-with-blankets, even standing in corners all night long.

The meat served is green; even robust, hungry GI's pass it up, preferring to stand endlessly in line for chocolate and cookies at the PX shop, open two hours a day. Those who brave the meat, and I am one, have gone sick. A ptomaine epidemic has broken out; the rumor spreads that our ship's doctor has even broken radio-silence to ask for advice from other ships in the convoy. I am practically chief patient, having stood in line at a latrine until I fainted and befouled myself simultaneously. Misery. The hospital is filled with Red Cross nurses, all now ptomaine patients. I nurse myself slowly into a precarious and delicate convalescence. There is enough time, God knows.

Will we ever arrive? Okay, we're one of the early convoys—guinea pigs with a vengeance. Just how much can we take? All the guys lose from ten to fifteen pounds on the voyage; luckily, nobody is expected to go into action upon disembarking—we hope. . . . *Land, land!* Is it Iceland, is it Ireland? It is Scotland, and soon it will be England and London for me.

London:

OUT of a replacement depot, into the Green Street barracks—"billets" they call them—in, of all sections, Mayfair! When the blitzes took place, whole sections of London were emptied to the countryside—not only children, as we had been led to believe, but entire families. How *interesting* that the sections evacuated should all turn out to be the equivalent of our Park Avenue districts! Other little items strike me: the much-publicized rationing of food, whereby rich and poor are supposed to have the same restrictions, the same empty larders—except that the rich can all go to restaurants, completely unrationed and open to anyone with five shillings (the ceiling for meals, which stretches way

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on to a pound or over in the good places, itemized on the check as "coffee," "couvert," "serviette").

But there is something about the man-on-street, the "Clippie" girl in the bus, something bumptious, irritated, mad clear through and yet gallant as hell. I begin to know what the English people are really like. They're people at war, suffering, and OK, I like their bitterness and their good humor.

Later:

A SECOND FRONT meeting in Trafalgar Square. An enormous, alert crowd; surprising speakers: Frank L. Owen, editor of Beaverbrook's *Sunday Express;* Aneurin Bevan, general "leftist" dissident, more or less professional nonconformist, publisher and editor of the slambang lasher-outer weekly *Tribune*. . . . The meeting is a great success; the Tory papers are scandalized. . . . Caught in a tube shelter during the first raid of the new small blitz. A family has settled for the night; mother—swarthy, surely Latin, is nursing a baby, watching six-year-old brother. Father, also Latin, squatting against the tube wall, talking quietly to a friend. I am so sure they are Spanish or Italian it is a shock to come close enought to hear him say, " 'Ere, neow, none a that tripe. . . ."

My life has now assumed crazy aspects. I sleep with four other GI's in a coldwater flat in the dead of winter, am awakened at 5 A.M., answer roll-call in the middle of Green Street in pitch dark, lit by GI flashlights; then goof off (everybody does) from drill, wandering and shivering about Hyde Park until 8:30, when I report to an officer, who lives in Claridges (the Waldorf-Astoria of London) where we work at scripts in fabulous luxury surroundings. Back in Green Street at 5, to shiver and shave, and then find out what London wartime nightlife in the blackout is like—and brother, it's like nothing that's printable.

January 1943:

WYLER has been sent on a special mission of some sort, so our Film Unit is breaking up for the time being. My commanding officer, Col. Beirne Laye (he once wrote *I Wanted Wings*), calls me to him, says: "I know your abilities, and I think you may be wasted here. What would you like to do?" I am so staggered by the novel question, I gulp; then shoot off with a dream I've had ever since I entered the Army. "I'd like to do a big symphony, on flight." I outline it. He says, "It's a hot idea, but there may be complications. I'll try to sell it to General Eaker." I am called back a week later; the thing is on! There is still no TO for a new officer, but I'll be taken off inspection and other duties, given a daily stipend for rations and quarters outside the barracks, and can proceed with the symphony! There will be trips to bomber and fighter stations for research, and I have eight months to complete the work. Jim Dugan, whom I have helped to get into Public Relations, now comes through with an introduction to Dr. Peter Gorer, pathologist at Guy's Hospital, who invites me to come stay at his house in Highgate on the outskirts of town, where there is a fawn-colored Steinway grand, and a black chow dog. The corporal now settles down to work on the *Airborne*.

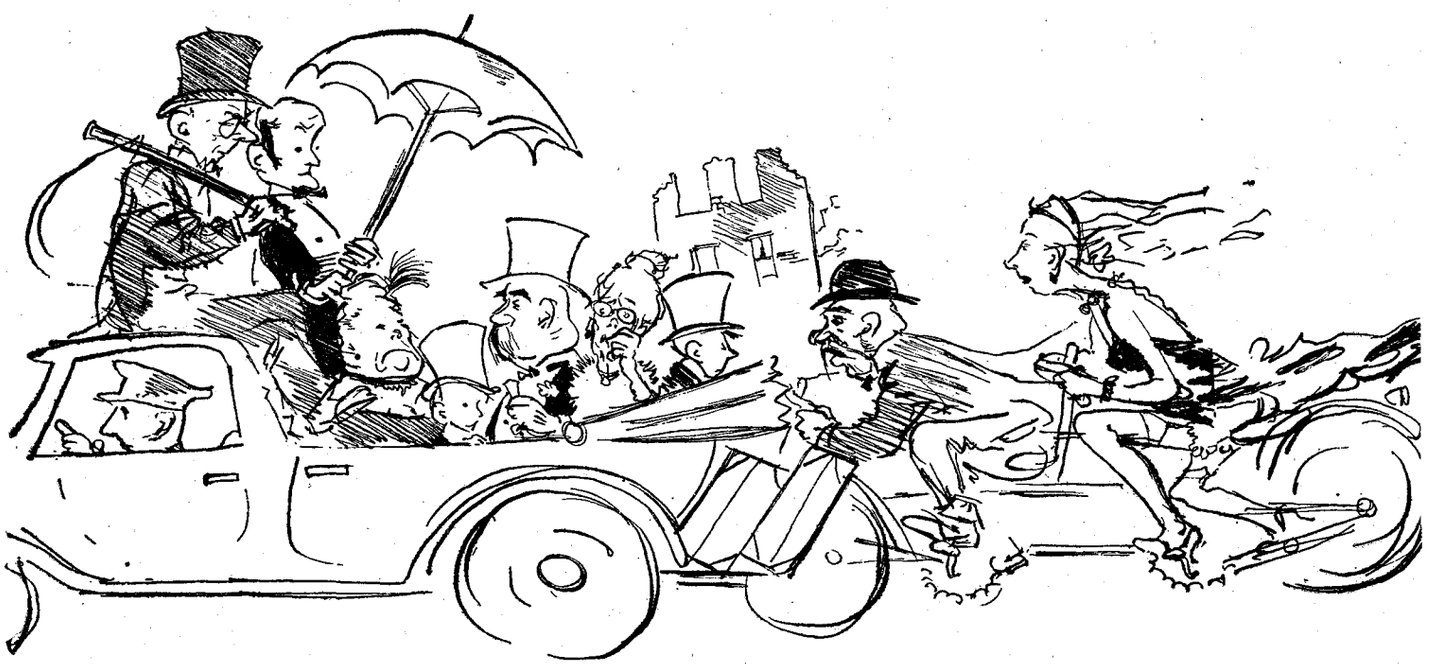
Later:

I AM griping inside: the problem of combat or no combat has got me. What is a composer to do in this war—his own job, which he does best, which is in the long run most useful, but which keeps him among the "chair-borne," or foot-slogging, gun-toting, etc., good for the conscience but unrelieved hell on a disused body long past its prime?

I keep telling myself there are all ways to fight a good fight; then I see a tanned youngster from combat practice and the doubts start all over again. The situation isn't helped any by all the guys in my outfit calling me "pop." . . . The Air Force's strategic bombing of Nazi Germany is on, full-blast. That was the meaning of the number "8th."

July 1943:

I HAVE been called in on a new job. I am asked if I will tackle the coaching of a 200-voice Negro chorus, boys building airdromes in East Anglia (Aviation Battalion Engineers), in preparation for a big concert at Royal Albert Hall in September. The *Daily Express* will handle all details, the US Army will fly Roland Hayes over for the occasion, the London Symphony



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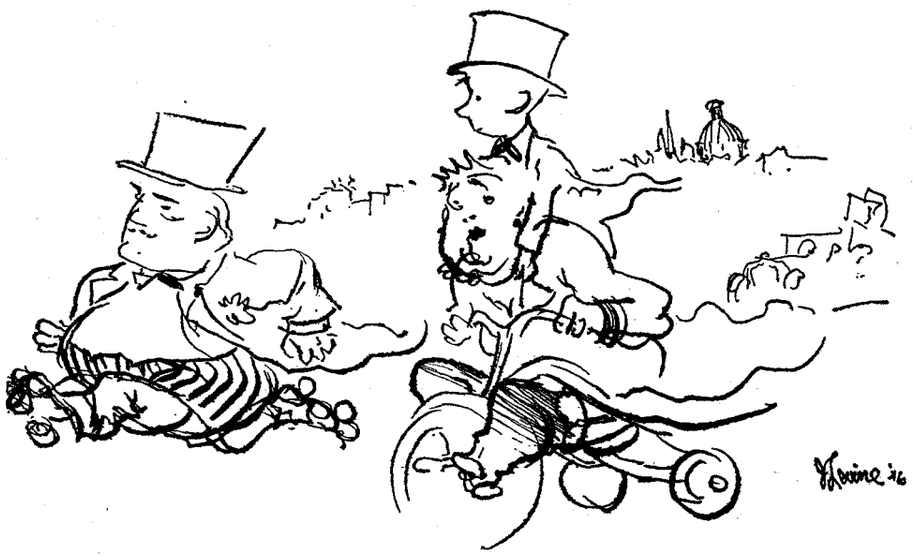
Orchestra will be hired to accompany and play incidentally. What is this? A brand new turnover in the Army's Jim Crow policy? I soon find out. The plight of the Negroes here is well known. Even some of the English have become infected by our troops' race-prejudice (largely Southern, but by no means exclusively so); so even out-of-the-way towns like Sheffield, Leeds, Ipswich, etc., have turned their backs on traditional hospitality. This gives rise to restlessness, homesickness and even misbehavior on the part of the colored boys. The solution decided on is rich in ironic possibilities: we'll give a concert!

I know that "music hath charms," etc., and I would be the last to pass up the propaganda possibilities of culture under any circumstances; but really, there are limits! Still, the idea is so attractive, I jump at it. I am due to go to listen to the chorus (practicing these two months at night in rec-halls, since there is no other way of pleasantly spending leave). I go, I listen. They sing like angels, with the most incredible spontaneous harmony and rhythm; mostly spirituals, some work songs, a lot I never knew before. Of course I shall take it on. It can lift the morale of the men some, even though it cannot begin to do the job the bigwigs in Washington imagine. I'll have to take time off the *Airborne*, but it will be worth it. I move in. Immediately the situation becomes clear. The white officers of the outfit are dead against the concert and will sabotage it in the little effective ways they know. But we have all kinds of priority, direct from Washington and HQ, and so the little corporal insists on (and has his way about) actually living with the men, a lone white among 500 Negro troops. By the men themselves, I am first treated as a spy; gradually I break them down until they are calling me "Maestro" or "Corp'l Marc."

There are two encampments, one at Dis, one at Eye; half the chorus is at each camp, and one of the officers' little tricks is to insist they hold their separate rehearsals on the same nights. So if I choose to supervise both, it means I must catch the first part of the Dis rehearsal, commandeer a jeep and driver, and rush through the countryside (usually during an air raid—this section has been nicknamed "bomb-alley"), arriving at Eye in time for the last hour's work. I am also writing a musical portrait of the men, called *Freedom Morning*, to be done by the LSO at the concert.

The kids are wonderful, especially delighting in practicing the *Ballad for Americans* which they love, and grab from me almost faster than I can teach it to them. The boys are due to leave for London ten days before the Albert Hall performance. They are billeted in a special hotel—Jim Crow again. They are given forty-eight hours leave before the performance. The white officers are all sure they will misbehave, get drunk, go whoring, so that they will be totally unfit for the concerts. Naturally, I have insisted on this little leave, on trucks with covers (I state blandly that the boys' voices are at the moment a priority product which is precious and must be protected at the possible cost in prestige of the entire War Department), on relative freedom. What the hell do they take these guys for, except men who are in love with the idea of this concert and who will prime themselves for it like good troupers?



Horatio Alger finish. The concert is so extravagantly, wildly successful that the officers are still rubbing their eyes. The boys behave beautifully right through preparations. The hall is filled with the most distinguished audience seen in London in years—all the Embassies, the Cabinet, etc. It turns out the English have not heard a Negro chorus in the flesh before. After the London Symphony, in tails, plays the overture, the troops in uniform march down the side aisles to their places on the stage amid a mounting crescendo of applause that becomes deafening, all enthusiasm and long-smoldering guilt.

The first song I have them sing, a cappella, is quiet—pianissimo all the way: *Over My Head There's Trouble in the Air*. The point of these men, building airdromes, singing this song, catches fire instantly; after a pause, the breathless sort that lets you know backstage this audience has been reached down to its core, there is a tidal wave of stamping, crying, applause, shrieking. Bejewelled women rush down the aisle to stop the show for a repetition of the piece. The *Ballad* takes them by storm, too. They are heartily approving of my *Freedom Morning*. Roland Hayes, an old favorite in England, does Bach and Vivaldi, then sings with men and orchestra the great giant-spirituals, *Battle of Jericho*, and *Go Down, Moses*—the last notes, *Let my people go!* rip from the audience the biggest collective sob and demonstration.

Generals Devers and Lee come backstage to give the performers the simplest and most telling of thanks; they have been moved almost beyond

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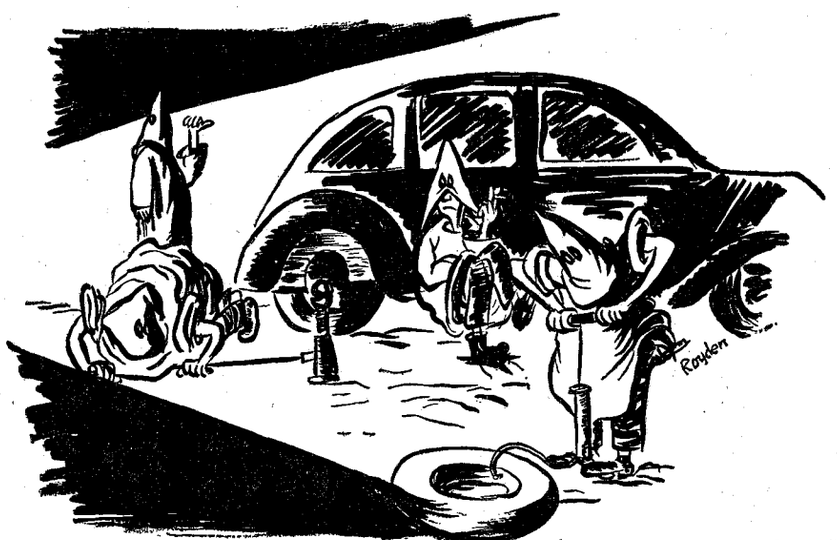
their yield. But the concertmeister of the London Symphony takes the cake by stopping Devers in the middle—"We will not have you compliment our playing; we want you to know *we have never heard sounds like these in our lives.*" . . . Now what? Okay, the American Negro is to that London audience anyway a man of sensitiveness, culture, talent. And these boys now go back to their jobs and their ghetto-dom and their officers and the well-known treatment. And I go back to my bomber bases and the *Airborne.*

November 1943:

AN AUDITION has been asked by my commanding officers, the list of whom reads like a Who's Who of Hollywood and Broadway: Jock Whitney, Ben Lyon, Burgess Meredith, Tex McCrary (incidentally, I've done odd jobs with Jerry Chodorov, Anatole Litvak, Edward Duryea Dowling). The audition takes place in Hugh Walpole's old chambers in Half Moon Street. I turn on one of my *Cradle Will Rock* one-man performances, playing on an old beat-up Welte Mignon Grand pianola that threatens at any moment to break out into Josef Hofmann; me screaming, singing, explaining, tearing sheets of music all over the floor, finally gasping and saying, "Well, gentlemen, that's the opus." There is a pause, while the assembled officers gather their wits. The audition is okay; "Carry on, corporal."

"A Musician's War Diary" will be published in three installments. Part II will appear next week.

THIS WEEK'S RANKEST



"Somebody wake up Sen. Rankest in the back seat to blow some air into this durn tire."

portside patter

by BILL RICHARDS

The next atom bomb tests will be started by radio. The explosions, no doubt, are to be touched off by singing commercials.

•

The Soviet has rejected the Baruch atomic plan. It won't be long before Molotov doesn't know Byrnes from Atom.

•

The Senate Investigating Committee is determined that the Kentucky Congressman will testify. This completes the cast of the current Washington hit, *Very Warm For May.*

•

It is expected that May will have recovered from his heart attack by next week. No doubt his return will be greeted with the slogan: May is back and Garsson's got him!

•

Representative Coffee was also called by the Investigating Committee. Friends of the Congressman claim that they may get Coffee but they won't have grounds.

•

The Army is experimenting with a rocket that rises 104 miles into the air. It staggers the imagination to think of anything going that high until you look at food prices.

•

Senator Taft complains that members of the American Veterans Committee have been trying to "make life miserable" for him. The Senator has been trying his best to do the same for 140 million Americans.

•

The English people are still awaiting the birth of the new era promised them. So far all they've had are Labor pains.

•

The Kuomintang Government has denied that politics exist in the distribution of UNNRA supplies. Probably not even one friend of Chiang Kai-shek was discriminated against because of his political beliefs.

•

Happily the Macy strike is settled. One irate woman shopper watching the pickets wearing the Macy red star exclaimed, "Some day those Russians are going to go too far."

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SCHLESINGER: RANKIN HISTORIAN

How a "scholar" dons the toga of the Red-baiters, or malice in Luce's wonderland. Putting the squeeze on the liberal mind. Myth and truth.

By JOHN STUART

FROM time to time we witness the tragedy of a promising mind betraying its promise. It is a tragedy woven into the whole fabric of our bourgeois culture and symbolizes the twilight stage in which it finds itself. Among intellectuals the self-betrayal runs apace with the betrayals of a brutal economy, with the price they must pay not alone for the means of life but for life itself. Those easiest crippled quickly find a rationale. The human mind in a diseased environment often interprets the disease as a fountain of health and once enmeshed in this self-deception, earth becomes cloud and cloud earth, the brute the angel, the war maker the peace maker, the Communist the fascist.

Within my own area of experience I have seen this pernicious scheme work its way to an inevitable end. The end may have been Trotzkyism; it may have been a young artist with an undoubted talent finally glorifying the sellers of hair-tonic and adopting the sellers' values. There are many gifted people who, as they pass through the social jungle, look into a distortion mirror and think what they find to be reality.

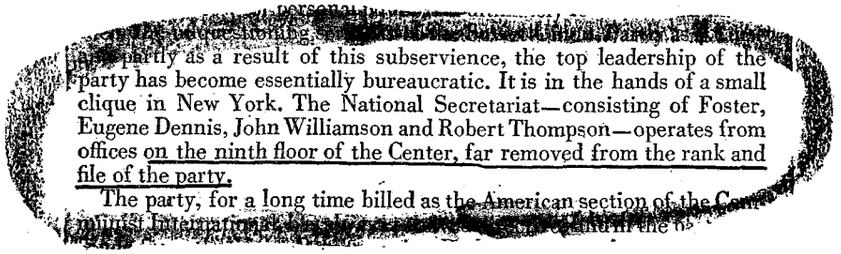
This has been true particularly of young American historians with some growing sense of the interplay of events, who write promising books in the early stage of their careers and then enlist themselves in propounding the verdicts of reaction.

The newcomer among them is no less than a twenty-eight-year-old winner of the Pulitzer prize and a member of the Harvard history faculty. Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. has had one of those lightning ascents in historiography which came as the reward for his book *The Age of Jackson*. In it he recreated with fair insight and with the embroidery of formal scholarship a phase of the national struggle against the power of the bankers and the social tensions which it engendered. And while Schlesinger pursued a decidedly non-Marxist method—in fact, attributing to Marxists concepts they have never held—the book represents a statement of devotion to liberalism in politics. If as an afterthought the reader admires more strongly the administration of President Roosevelt and has a better understanding of its historical origins, that too was obviously Schlesinger's intention.

There was promise in his book but he has relinquished that promise for the more unsavory aspects of his thought. I have no way of knowing the price paid Schlesinger for his ardent if puerile diatribe in *Life* (July 29) against Communism, the Communist Party, the Soviet Union, Ralph Ingersoll of *PM*, Lee Pressman of the CIO, Norman Corwin of the Columbia Broadcasting System, the Independent Citizens Committee, and various trade unions. Nor do I have any idea how large his reward will be from those latter-day Whigs who will note him as a worthy young man. But I do know the price he is paying Henry Luce for appearing in *Life* where Schlesinger tepidly condemns Rankin and Dies only to steal their thunder. *Life*, like Luce's patriotism, has become the refuge of journalistic scoundrels, and to share in the Luce bounty is to barter one's soul. To be tainted with the Luce morality is to be tainted with the morals of a class which besmirched Jackson as well as Roosevelt. If these two men have been the heroes embodying the ideals in which Schlesinger professes to believe, his employer stands opposite to them. And another price Schlesinger has paid is to surrender his heroes to the moral decay of which the Luce periodical empire is a part.

If I were to submit Schlesinger's article on the Communist Party and Communist policy to a group of scholars for judgment on its scholarship, it would be condemned for violating every canon of research; for substituting gossip and rumor for fact; for failing to present documentary evidence from primary sources to substantiate his charges—if they can be substantiated. Hearsay, libel, the "scholarly" drivel of a Dies henchman such as Frederick Woltman of the New York *World Telegram*, have now become the tools of Schlesinger's scholarly trade.

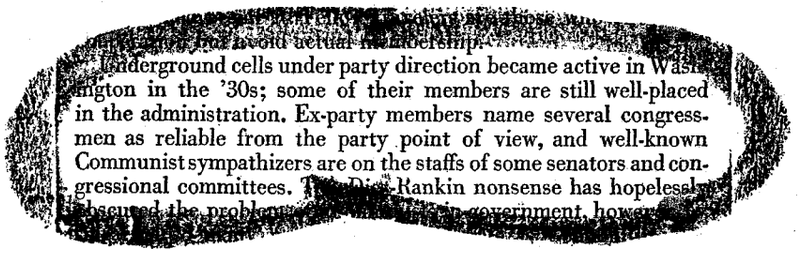
With his first efforts for Luce, Schlesinger gives up the sense of re-



partly as a result of this subservience, the top leadership of the party has become essentially bureaucratic. It is in the hands of a small clique in New York. The National Secretariat—consisting of Foster, Eugene Dennis, John Williamson and Robert Thompson—operates from offices on the ninth floor of the Center, far removed from the rank and file of the party.

The party, for a long time billed as the American section of the

Evidently there's nothing like *Life*'s editorial offices in Rockefeller Center (26th to 33rd floors) for getting close to the rank and file.



Underground cells under party direction became active in Washington in the '30s; some of their members are still well-placed in the administration. Ex-party members name several congressmen as reliable from the party point of view, and well-known Communist sympathizers are on the staffs of some senators and congressional committees. The Dies-Rankin nonsense has hopelessly

Oh Prof. Rankin—Artie is copying your notes!

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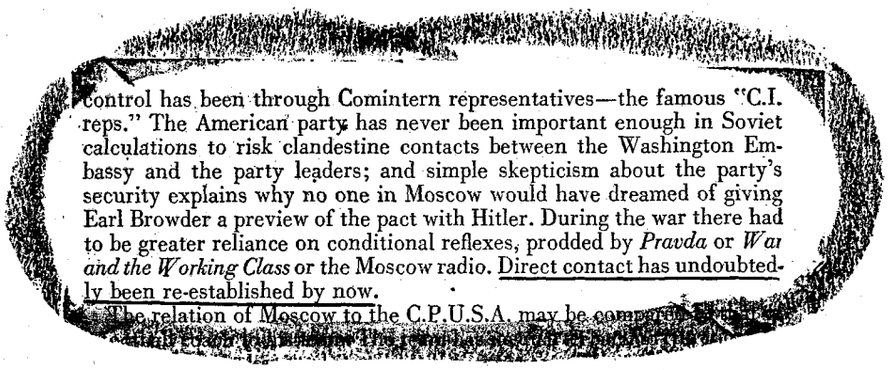

control has been through Comintern representatives—the famous "C.I. reps." The American party has never been important enough in Soviet calculations to risk clandestine contacts between the Washington Embassy and the party leaders; and simple skepticism about the party's security explains why no one in Moscow would have dreamed of giving Earl Browder a preview of the pact with Hitler. During the war there had to be greater reliance on conditional reflexes, prodded by *Pravda* or *War and the Working Class* or the Moscow radio. Direct contact has undoubtedly been re-established by now.

The relation of Moscow to the C.P.U.S.A. may be com[illegible]

Proof? Not necessary for a historian who has established direct and lucrative contact with the Luce empire.

sponsibility which marked most of his work on Jackson. Instead there is a veneer of smart-aleckism, flights of fancy that Dies would have envied because even his own overwrought imagination never reached that far. Take, for example, Schlesinger's charge that the Commuist Party has "dossiers" that go into the "minutest details" of members' private lives. In the realm of responsible scholarship to prove such an assertion the scholar would have to present evidence of the "dossiers'" existence. His article does not offer such evidence, nor can he, for it is a lie cut from the same cloth with which he would shroud the Marxist movement.

Having abandoned truth Schlesinger moves into the land of falsehood, leaving a track of myths characteristic of the anti-Communist racketeer. The Communists, he says, are conspiratorial, their "activities largely clandestine." On the one hand, the Communists are a small sect, but on the other, they are a powerful group. Their "chain of command . . . extends . . . finally to Moscow." Communist discipline is "best understood by psychiatrists and dictators." The Communist Party is subservient to Soviet foreign policy. The Communists take over existing organizations. Their "main objective is by policies of disruption and blackmail to avert a war with the Soviet Union, or to make sure, if war comes, that the US is badly prepared to fight it."

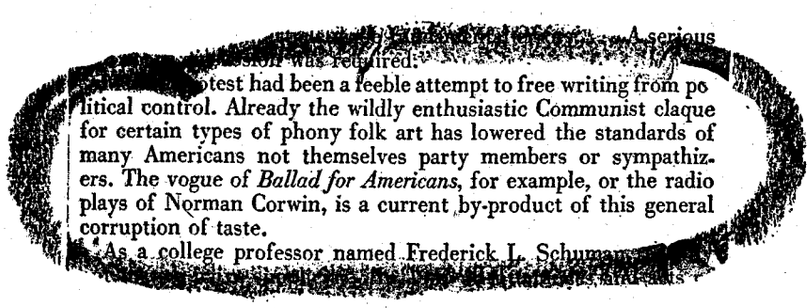
THIS is but a sampling of the poison from the "scholarly" well. As usual it is bottled without the warning labels.

But before counteracting it one should understand why it is being manufactured these days in such large quantities by *liberal* dispensers. The Dies myth, as written and expounded by him and his successor, Rankin, finds such vehement rejection among thinking, informed people that a new way of perpetuating their work is coming into being. By their own record in Congress Rankin and his disciples (and Dies when he was there) have established the basis for their repudiation. Communist-baiting travels through a set channel to Jew-baiting and Negro-baiting. The man who is baited because of his race begins to wonder what credence he can put in the same baiter's vilification of Communists and Communism or the Soviet Union or anything not quite in conformity with the mores of, let us say, the National Association of Manufacturers. The more "discerning" anti-Communist publisher, in order to provide an atmosphere of credibility for his screeds hires those with a "liberal" record, and if he happens to be a scholar of some reputation, so much the better. Thus the Schlesinger phenomenon.

This is a rather fresh way of corroding the American mind and especially the minds of those liberals who will not accept the diatribes of a Rankin, but who are susceptible to the overtures of a Jacksonian scholar with the toga of the Pulitzer Prize wrapped around him. The value of this tinsel and glitter has never escaped Henry Luce.

But to see its meaning in larger context one must remember another motive. The queen on the Luce throne has had a recent conversion to Catholicism which was not solely a religious shifting from her previous faith. This spiritual transfer helped incorporate the Vatican's international political policy into Luce's American Century imperialism. The Vatican having declared another war on Communism and Communists and, for that matter, on every brand of democracy that struggles for a heaven below is making good use of Luce's paper and ink. Luce, however, never needed coaxing to join the drive even before his wife became a Catholic. Yet it is worth noting that the sobbing anti-Communist rhetoric of Cardinal Spellman in the July *American Magazine* parallels Schlesinger's article in *Life*.

In fullest perspective, however, Schlesinger, acting as the grand inquisitor on behalf of liberalism, the Jacksonian protector of the humane and merciful, has as his ultimate task the persuasion of the liberal and open mind that it cannot work with Communists or cooperate with them and that it must in the interests of its own safety quarantine them from the community. History has had other such pleaders and it has taken the suffering of a war to show the foulness of their advice. Germany had its Schlesingers and France and Italy. Schlesinger is different only in that his is a voice of elegant refinement. And for the moment when a good part of the world has learned to detect and identify the rasping of the less elegant, Schlesinger serves the purpose of confusion before the old voices reenter the scene. To halt the coalescing of anti-fascist forces (there are Communists among them), to prevent a union of forward-looking intellectuals with the working masses (there are Communists among them), to blow dust in the eyes of liberals—those are the Schlesingers' paramount objectives. In a world weighed down with the strain of post-war crisis, of broken capitalist promises, and in a world which also sees that in


[illegible] A serious [illegible] was required.

test had been a feeble attempt to free writing from political control. Already the wildly enthusiastic Communist claque for certain types of phony folk art has lowered the standards of many Americans not themselves party members or sympathizers. The vogue of *Ballad for Americans*, for example, or the radio plays of Norman Corwin, is a current by-product of this general corruption of taste.

As a college professor named Frederick L. Schuman[illegible]

Pepsicola hits the spot . . .

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many of its sectors there are ways and means of renovating the foundations of society through the collaboration of Communists and non-Communists, the Schlesingers have the assigned task of keeping the victory in war from being put to use for an abundant people's peace.

THE charge of Communist conspiracy or that Communists are conspiratorial in their dealings with others is as old as the Marxist movement itself. For that matter, the bugaboo of conspiracy has been attached to every group battling tyranny. In the British parliament during the reign of George III the charge against American revolutionary leaders of conspiracy and clandestine dealings was standard among Tory politicians. The charge was uttered against the French revolutionaries, the Abolitionists, the Chartists, Juarez's forces in Mexico, the Lassalleans in nineteenth century Germany, in Italy against Garibaldi, in China against Sun Yat-sen—and against the early Christians in Rome. In fact, capitalism itself and the forces allied to it once comprised a "conspiracy" against feudalism according to the then reigning lords of creation.

It is a mark of a declining capitalist class that all opposition to it is assailed with the synonyms for secretiveness and clandestine action. Most progressive movements, if their origins were traced, have at one time been forced to adopt methods of extreme caution to protect their followers from persecution. Fifteen years ago many union members kept their membership secret in order to escape loss of their jobs and the underhand work of labor spies. When Communists have changed their names and obscured their identity as such, they have done no more or less than others throughout the range of human history. And they have done it, when it had to be done, not out of a desire for secretiveness, but because the society in which they lived was so restrictive in basic democratic rights, so threatening to their means of livelihood if they became known as Communists, that often they have been compelled to use pseudonyms.

Contrary to Schlesinger it is not Communist Party policy but a personal decision to change one's membership name. The Communist Party is a legal party affirmed by the Supreme Court's ruling in the Schneiderman case. Its policies and activities are open as even a hasty reading of the *Daily Worker* will reveal. And there are thousands of Communists who are known in their neighborhoods as such, who participate as Communists in community life, in trade unions, in any number of organizations where the Schlesingers' screeds have not aroused prejudice and hatred. In all my years as a Communist I have never met one either here or in Europe who enjoyed having to use another name, if he did, or hide his convictions.

Communists work as circumstances permit and they shape their work according to circumstances. They are members of veterans' groups because they are veterans too. They are members of the ICC because they are scientists, and actors and writers. They are in trade unions because they are workers. They "infiltrate" into these organizations in the very same sense that Republicans and Democrats do and they speak their minds, as non-Communists do, without fearing reprisals for believing that there can be peace and friendship with our wartime allies, that the price of milk keeps milk from millions, that Mr. Byrnes is not God's chief advisor. Their influence is based solely on merit and their views are influential only if they have merit. Schlesinger may rave about Communists "capturing" organizations. Communists do rise to positions of leadership in non-Communist organizations. Again on merit and through democratic procedure. But merit in the Schlesinger lexicon is apparently anti-democratic and an un-American way of attaining leadership.

Next week Mr. Stuart will continue his reply to Schlesinger's charges.

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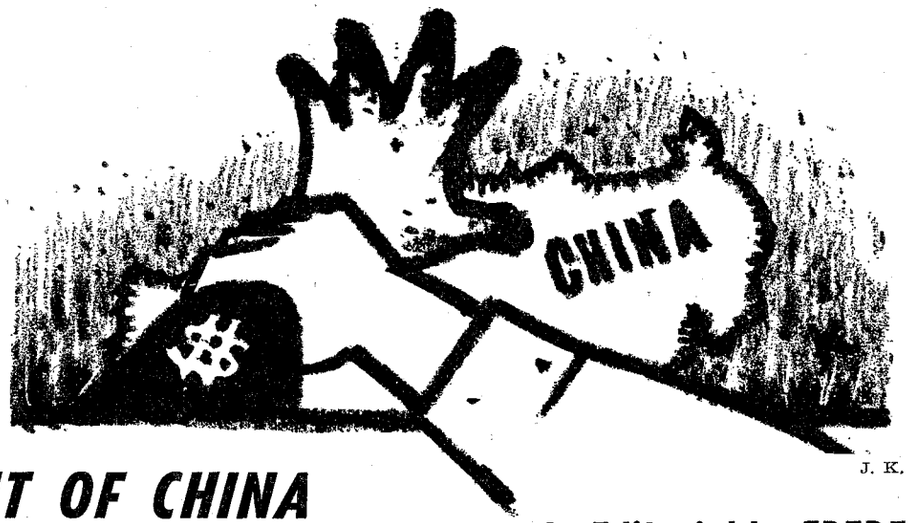

J. K.

GET OUT OF CHINA

An Editorial by FREDERICK V. FIELD

ON THIS first anniversary of V-J Day it is clear that the sooner American troops, military supplies, air and sea transport, loans and political backing are withdrawn from Chiang Kai-shek's reactionary dictatorship, the sooner will there be peace and security in the Far East and unity and democracy within China. Practically every one—except of course, the Kuomintang gangsters and the American imperialists—has gone on record against this Truman-GOP policy. One essential factor makes the Chinese civil war possible. That is United States intervention on behalf of the corrupt Chiang Kai-shek faction. There is no hope for peace and progress in China until that intervention is ended.

American public opinion is beginning to react to this outrage. Except for a temporary, and partially successful flare-up last fall over the Hurley scandal, American opinion has been tragically slow to react to postwar events in the Far East. The American people as well as the Chinese were being sold down the river by the imperialists, the objectives of the war were being betrayed, big power unity was being violated, and civil war, which threatened a new international conflict, was being provoked by the government's China policy. But these events were largely forgotten in the midst of other pressing issues on the picket lines, on the cost-of-living front and the postwar struggle in Europe.

Recently, however, the Chinese scene has come closer to the hearts and minds of American citizens. Sorely needed relief supplies were being funnelled into black market channels by Chiang Kai-shek's henchmen. The duplicity of an American policy which talked peace through one side of its mouth and gave shooting orders through the other became too obvious to disregard. American troops, which Truman's officials had told us were in China to evacuate the Japanese, remained, we were suddenly informed by the Acting Secretary of State, to keep open the routes to China's coal mines! And most important of all in awakening public opinion has been the tragic news that US Marines were being killed and wounded in this war of our own government's making.

The numerous appeals to the American government and public by Chinese of all types of democratic persuasion are beginning to be heard—by the American public. Madame Sun Yat-sen's urgent call for an end to intervention and Brig. Gen. Evans Carlson's eloquent response to her have begun to arouse our people against the calamity into which their government is leading them and the whole world.

THE President has been forced, as a concession to popular opinion, to appoint a civilian, J. Leighton Stuart, as the new Ambassador to China in place of his own choice of the reactionary, Soviet-hating Major General Wedemeyer. The administration bill for virtually unlimited military aid to Chiang Kai-shek has run into difficulties in Congress. But these are not enough.

American troops must actually be removed from Chinese soil. All loans and credits to Chiang Kai-shek, secret or otherwise, must be stopped immediately. Military supplies to the Kuomintang, whether through lend-lease, through the disposal of surplus property, or through any other means must be stopped. China must be left to the Chinese people. They and they alone are capable of deciding what government they want and how it can be achieved.

We ought not to be satisfied with anything less than a complete reversal of the present American China policy. Mere modifications won't do. To force such a reversal upon the government the American people must greatly increase their organized efforts. Public meetings and demonstrations should be organized around this issue. Protests must flood the White House, the State Department and the Army and Navy. No candidate for federal office can be permitted to forget that China is one of the issues on which voters will test his statesmanship. Both the Win-the-Peace movement and the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern policy, which are taking leadership in calling for a new China policy, deserve the widest possible support so that through them and allied organizations this battle can be won.

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MY DAUGHTER IS WITH CHILD

Where had Sidney seen that sly, hard face before? Why did his hands shake at breakfast? The program man and the yelping dogs are real.

A Short Story by RUTH GRAHAM

SIDNEY woke up early in his Central Park bedroom. The sun had awakened him, streaming through the casement window. He turned around to look at his wife sleeping in the other twin bed, but she was awake, too. She laughed at him. "Go to sleep, Grandpa! It's early yet!" He smiled sheepishly.

Sidney knew why they were both up so early. Last night their daughter Sylvia had told them she was going to have a baby. My God, how that room changed! He had almost cried. He did a little old-fashioned dance right there on the expensive carpeting and it was only one of his wife's looks which stopped him. Afterwards, when his daughter and her husband had gone, his wife Leah and he had taken out the wine because somehow the Passover wine from last Easter was more fitting than their good Scotch. They had toasted their future grandchild, their first grandchild, and then he had teased Leah for being too soon a grandma.

Now it was morning and Sidney looked at the little Dutch gold clock on the night table between the twin beds. Very good value and the best craftsmanship was what Leah had said when she had staggered him with the price. But it had never told good time; the hands were dead and useless, having stopped among painted roses. Sidney got out of bed and dug into his suit pocket for his plain, big, gold watch which he had bought twenty-five years ago upon closing his first business deal. With a loud strong tick it said six twenty-five. He went back to bed and stared through the opened Venetian blinds at the sunlight above the park.

He hoped it would be a boy. He was old-fashioned. He didn't pretend like his wife Leah it made no difference. It must be a grandson. He remembered how disappointed he had been when his first child had been born a girl. Not until Leah had insisted they name the child after his mother's dead mother, Sarah, had his disappointment become less. No one could say he did not love his daughter Sylvia but the first child should be a boy. He had nothing to complain of. His son Richard whose picture he now saw on his wife's vanity table—so handsome he was, blonde and blue eyed like his wife—his son Richard he was proud of.

His grandson would be a real American. Richard was a real American but his grandson would be even more so. He would take his little boy grandson to the circus. Later he would take him to the office to meet his business friends and yes, right into the bank to meet his important contacts, especially McDougal who liked him personally. But best of all, Sidney looked forward to taking his grandson to the football games.

Sidney liked football. There was something so healthy about football. It used to be when it was the season, he would drop everything no matter how important the deal to go to a football game. He had liked football so much because he could sit side by side with his son Richard, hoping they would be seen together. Richard was a college man and knew football inside out, much better than he would ever understand it with all his studying of the game.

The last time he had gone to a football game he had gone alone because his son Richard had just entered the army. He had not enjoyed that game particularly. Now as before, he saw himself going up the ramp. He was hurrying because it seemed he had miscalculated the time again and the game must have already started because he was hearing shouts and cheering from the people in the stadium.

YOUNG boys and old men selling souvenirs on the ramp put their faces too close to his, trying to force him to buy. He didn't blame them for high pressuring him. The game had already started and they were stuck with so many and so many souvenirs. "Program! Get your program! You're just in time to get your program!" The man selling programs looked at him slyly. Sidney wondered whether he should buy one and decided no, because Richard had had no use for programs. The man shouted after him, "Get your program! Still time to get your program!" and after Sidney passed him he noticed the other souvenir people laughing as if the man had said something very clever which was not for him to understand.

It was too hot for this time of year. The cheering grew louder so he hurried up and up the ramp. He met another program man. "Get your program! Still time to get your program!" No, peculiarly enough, it was the same man again. He nodded pleasantly to the program man to show he recognized him, but the man continued to shout agressively at him, "Program! Still time to get your program!" It was embarrassing. Sidney looked into the man's sly, young, hard face. He knew where he had seen him before. The program man was the very one who two years ago had sat four rows behind him when he was alone because Richard had gone into the army. That time like now he had come late to the game. It had been hot then, so he had stood up by his seat to take off his coat. In back someone had yelled, "Sit down, you. . . ." He had turned around and seen the man, a young hard man in a lumber jacket. The man had been looking right at him, not ashamed. Sidney had saluted him with a wave of his fingers from his forehead, a make believe salute. "O.K. Sir!" Sidney had said jauntily and then sat down in a hurry. He had not enjoyed the game that day, but not because of what that man had called him. His mother, so wise, used to tell him always make believe you hear nothing. No, he had not enjoyed that game because he had missed Richard.

But here again was the man selling programs and even more peculiar, this was the second time he had met him coming up the ramp. "Get your program!" shouted the man and again Sidney had the feeling he meant something else.

At last Sidney got to his seat and though it was hot and he wanted to take off his coat again, he sat down in

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a hurry. He looked around to see if the program man was sitting four rows behind him. Sure enough he was. Well, he could mind his own business. Let the other fellow start up. It was hot. He saw a man with a basket selling something which if he bought might make him more comfortable. Sidney called the man over.

"What cha got, bud?" Sidney kidded him in his acquired stadium manner. The man smiled mysteriously and said nothing. He drew from the basket a small dried fish, flat with shiny skin. Sidney was hardly surprised. He had been trying to get that fish back since he was a little boy. His mother had sold whitefish, Russian carp, herrings of all kinds when they came to America. Once a no-good drunken *goneff* had come into the store and yelled and turned over the pickle barrels and went away with some fish. He had been hit on the head by that no-good drunken *goy* when he had gone for him because his mother had been called a certain name. His mother had yelled back worse names in Yiddish and after the no-good bum had gone, his mother had put her arms around him and laughed, the rag wound around her shaven head wiggling. Then Sidney cried like a baby, not like he was eleven years old with already two jobs, one running errands for four dollars a week, another in the evenings helping his mother in the store. He was crying that same day he would get that fish back.

So Sidney said eagerly to the man selling fish at the stadium, "How much does the whole basket cost? I want to buy the whole basket of fish!"

The man said nothing but waved the fish back and forth in front of Sidney's face. Sidney made a grab for it. The man flung the fish on the field and Sidney leaped down the steps after it. The mud on the field was hot and slippery. He couldn't find the fish. He ran around looking for it.

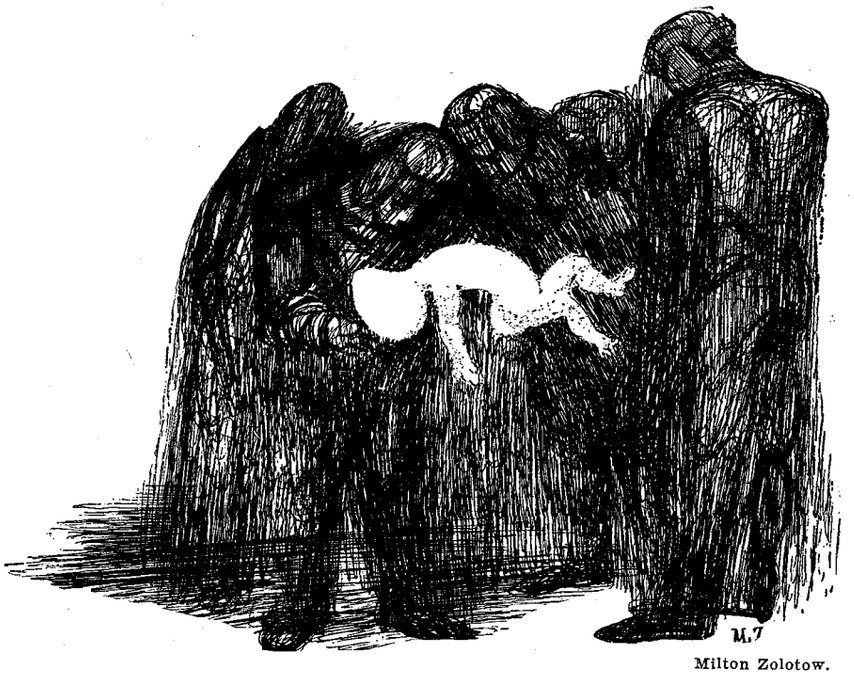
Sidney saw that he had been wrong thinking the game had already started. No football team was on the field. No one was on the field except him. Wrong again, there holding the pack of dogs was his Uncle Joseph. He could tell Uncle Joseph recognized him because he was smiling sadly. The dogs he minded were just like the dogs on the other side. His Uncle Joseph had had a hard time with those dogs. On the other side when Sidney was a small boy, his Uncle Joseph had sold things from door to door, a peddler he was. His Uncle Joseph had lived with him and his mother because his father had died and someone had to support the widow and her children. His Uncle Joseph had been a happy man, singing songs in the house after dark.

ONE day his mother made him go out with Uncle Joseph to sell things because he was the eldest of his mother's children and his mother felt indebted to her brother for support. The small boy Sidney knew that for some reason Uncle Joseph was not glad he was coming along. And later he was surprised the way Uncle Joseph would bow so much to housewives and nod happily while the housewives and he made furious bargains. His Uncle Joseph was worse than a servant. When they were on the road going out of the town, he asked his Uncle Joseph about this. Uncle Joseph explained that bowing meant nothing and housewives didn't mean anything either when they said things, it was just the way one talked to a Jewish peddler.

But then at the first house on the road they sent the dogs out after Uncle Joseph when he knocked on the door. Sidney, so frightened he could not move, watched from the road. The dogs were on top of Uncle Joseph, growling and barking and tearing into him. Worse yet, he hardly heard Uncle Joseph cry out. Uncle Joseph was dead, he thought. He ran all the way back to the city alone. He got home and sat down to supper, not answering his mother's angry questions about why wasn't he with Uncle. He wondered how to tell his mother that Uncle Joseph was dead. But just then Uncle Joseph come home, smiling the same as always only with scratches on his face. Afterwards, his Uncle Joseph told him to say nothing because what had happened was very ordinary to a peddler. The small boy Sidney felt guilty, not having helped his uncle fight off the dogs, but his uncle understood and gave him a sweet he had bought especially for him at the market place. "Say nothing about the dogs to your blessed mother!" begged Uncle Joseph.

Uncle Joseph had died, but now he was minding the dogs not a day older then when he had gone peddling. He had spent a lifetime's savings to send the widow and fatherless ones to America but Uncle Joseph had died before he could come, too. Sidney yelled to Uncle Joseph, "So, Uncle, you came to America at last!" and Uncle Joseph looked at him and smiled. It was funny that Uncle Joseph was now minding the dogs. He guessed they were the mascots for one of the teams.

Suddenly from out of the two holes in the arena poured the football teams and a great roar arose from the crowd. The program man was the captain. He yelled, "Get your program! Your program!" and now Sidney understood he had meant pogrom all along and they had been trying to fool him. He looked at Uncle Joseph who had started to weep and now he understood that the pogrom was about to begin. He wondered what to do. The ball was in the middle of the field. Both teams lined up on either side of it. Sidney looked closer at the ball; it was a little



Milton Zolotow.

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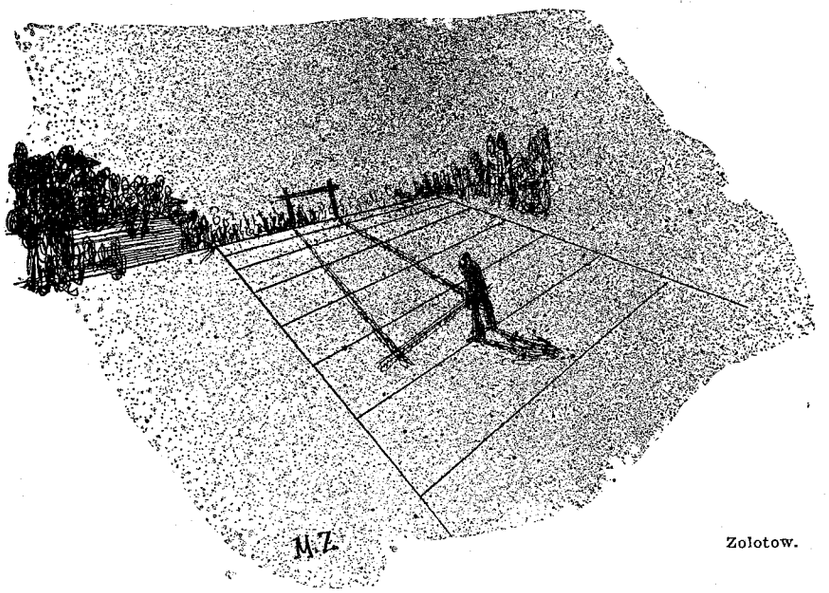

Zolotow.

baby with his eyes closed. Sure it was dark, what else but dark because he and Sylvia were dark and his mother dark. Boy, no, a girl, no, a boy . . . oh, boy, a boy! The program man got there first and kicked the baby in the air. Uncle Joseph wept and the dogs barked. Uncle Joseph was trying to restrain the dogs whose tongues were hungry for the baby. Just then the baby fell right near Sidney. He ran to pick up his grandson. As usual, someone snatched him away and knocked him flat on the field. He heard the dogs yelping and felt them coming nearer him. He was like Uncle Joseph with them tearing into him, their growls terrible, their wet teeth big and bare. He awoke with tears running down his nose, the strong sun cruelly on his face. The telephone on the night table was ringing.

Leah said sleepily, "You answer it, Sidney. It's probably for you."

Dazedly he picked up the phone to hear McDougal's cheery voice wishing him good morning. McDougal wanted him to appraise a piece of property for the bank. Sidney tried to collect himself to remember the location, the details. "Anything for you, Bert," he said. He put down the telephone receiver. He felt better. Bert McDougal from the bank was his friend. They liked each other. He was glad to do favors for Bert McDougal. Of course, he knew that he did things for McDougal and McDougal saw that the bank did things for him, but wasn't mutual benefit the basis for most friendships?

Leah in her light blue negligee (she always looked marvelous in blue) was creaming her face for breakfast. Sidney made his way to the dining room. He looked at the table and wondered where his grandson would sit when he would come to the house. He ate his grapefruit absent mindedly eyeing the castles on the green wallpaper which protected him. It was funny, seeing Uncle Joseph in a dream after all these years.

The maid came to find out how he wanted his eggs. Fine girl, Anna. A Czech, she hated the Nazis like poison. Anna stared down at his hands and after she left Sidney saw how his hands were shaking.

ART IN RED CHINA

How the revolutionary artist and his audience find common ground in forms developed collectively. Report from the Border Region.

By JACK CHEN

YENAN, center of the Special Border Regions of China's Northwest, is the original base of the great popular movement which by the end of the war had mobilized over 100,000,000 people in guerrilla resistance to the Japanese invaders. In those critical war days the artists there were faced, in a particularly urgent way, with the problems which confront almost every artist who seeks "to put his art at the disposal of the people."

There are some fortunate artists whose style of writing, music, painting or poetry is at once popular in form and content. There are others who, late in their careers, become conscious of the fact that their work is "precious," is of limited appeal and effectiveness because of its form or content, yet sensing the pressure of social development, feel that their art should play a more direct part in the shaping of events. How can such artists achieve their social purposes without sacrificing their art? How can they avoid the danger of debasing the quality of their work and its integrity if they consciously "play to the people"? Here is an answer from Yenan.

I visited the Border Regions around Yenan in 1938. In those early days the approach of the artists to their public in this unique peasant democracy, was frankly and simply one of "art to the people." Most of the artists had come from "outside," from the Kuomintang areas, from Shanghai, Hankow, Nanking, Peiping. They flocked to Yenan because of interest and sympathy in the far-reaching social and economic transformation being brought about by a thoroughgoing application of Sun Yat Sen's *Three Peoples' Principles*. Then again, art in Yenan was free of censorship and police persecution. Although there was

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no prospect of "making money"—the artist then got no more than the humblest soldier or the most eminent general—there was a basic, though low, standard of social security and, most important, unlimited scope for work.

In spite of shortages of materials that put stringent demands on good-natured improvisation, the artistic atmosphere was exhilarating and the artists full of enthusiasm. But in essence the culture of the region was only the revolutionary culture of modern China transferred, or evacuated bodily, from the old urban centers to the rural democracy of the Border Region. The approach of the artist to his audience was still merely "communicative." There was little attempt to achieve an integrated union of modern art with the life of the Region. Teen-age students from Shanghai, peasants of this former famine bowl of Shensi, veterans of the Long March, sat side by side in the big open air theater enjoying modern plays performed by Ting Ling's Front Line Service Troupe or by other groups. But the play was essentially similar to those seen in the cities, or maybe Molière or Afinogenov.

Latest news from the Border Region, however, shows that a new style of art has developed and, what makes this doubly interesting, is the fact that this has come about as a direct result of the attempt to solve the same problem that so many western artists have been discussing—particularly in relation to the Picasso exhibition—the problem of the relation of the revolutionary socialist artist to his audience.

In the Border Region the practical solution of this question was a matter of urgent necessity. By 1940 the Border Region was blockaded, not only from the Japanese side, but by the Kuomintang-controlled territories in its rear as well. The stream of students and intellectuals which had been coming from the rest of China dwindled to a trickle of audacious blockade runners. The whole Border Region, like the guerrilla areas to the East of it in the rear of the Japanese, had to organize for an all-out struggle against the invaders, in which they had to rely almost exclusively on their own local resources.

What role could the artists play in this life and death battle? Ting Ling, one of China's outstanding women authors, writes:

"Mao Tse-tung had several talks with us writers and we discussed such questions as: Who are our readers? Should we strive for popularization first or refinement of form and style? Should we turn our eyes to the lighter or darker side of life in the Region?

"Some of us still felt that a 'mass flavored' literature was a disgrace. Many of us, matured in the old society, had only learned how to fight *against* things, using our pens as weapons to destroy that old society. Now in the Border Region these artists still looked for things to expose. But the Region's people have already made their revolution. Now they face the tasks of reconstruction. They don't relish stories dealing with the darker side of life here.

"The artists felt strongly that they should 'work for the people.' But this was often only words and theory. In fact they wrote about petty things and were really asking the workers and peasants of the Region to share their own special petty bourgeois sentiments and life. That is why their writings were not near to the people or welcomed by them. Then again, Moliere and modern Soviet plays were good, but surely something more actual was needed too?"

Museum of Modern Art.

"Chinese Soldiers," woodcut by Liu Te Hua.

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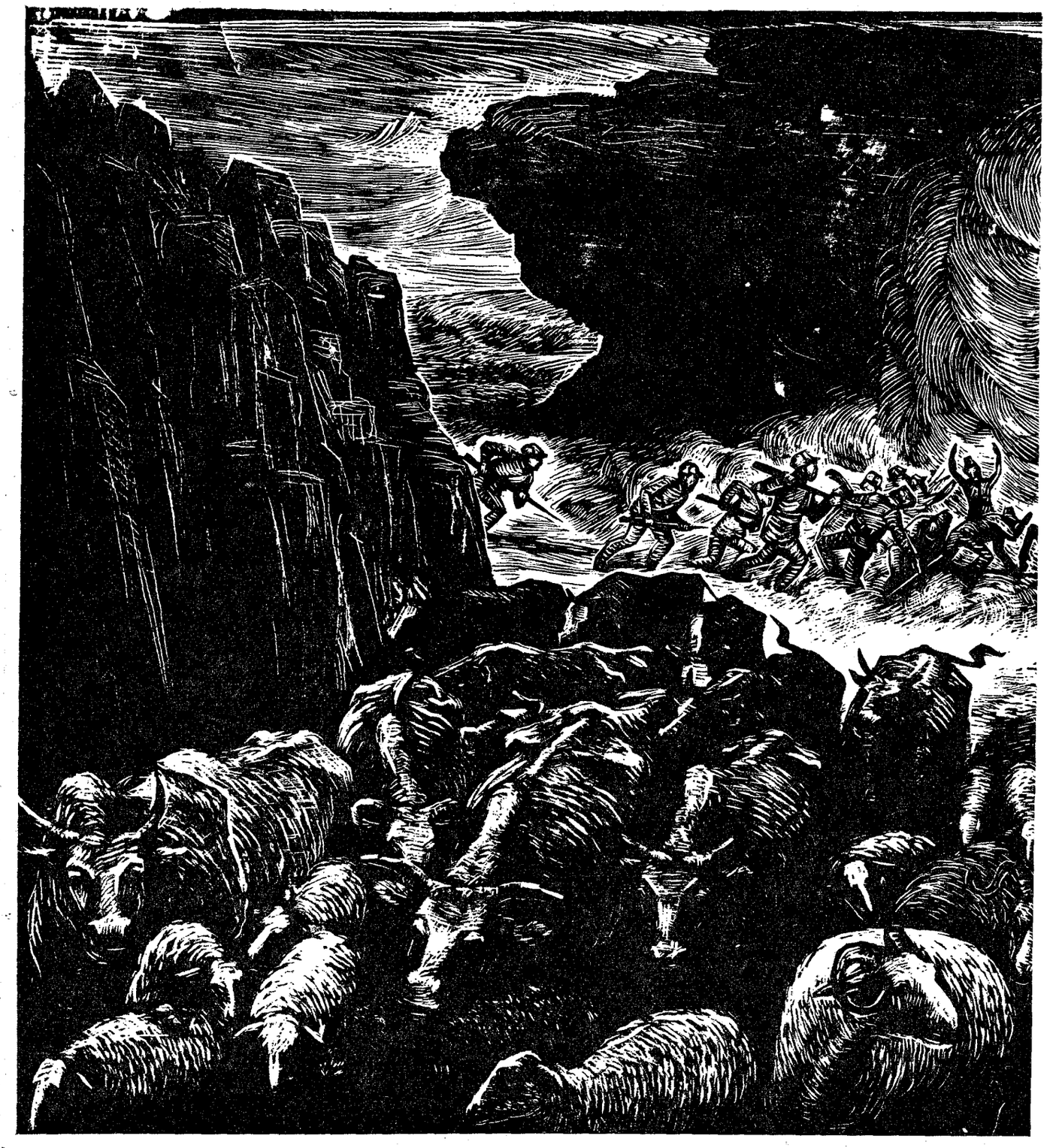

"Getting the Herds Back From the Enemy," woodcut by Yao

Even when writers and artists went "to the people," and helped in winter schools or literary campaigns, they couldn't live with the people, whom they thought dirty and rather disdained because of their illiteracy. They couldn't speak the people's language. Mao's talks raised all these problems for discussion and it was out of these debates and out of practical work that new outlooks, new forms of work developed. The most astonishing result was the renaissance of the ancient Yangko. Gunther Stein describes this as a folk-art combination of dance and drama used in an artistic, entertaining manner to popularize the various slogans of the mass movement.

A YANGKO evening is a village community party. The crowd gathers around the musicians, and when a wide circle has been formed, a score or more of trained amateurs in some sort of improvised costume sing a ballad and dance to set the theme of the performance. Gradually the whole audience joins in the round dance that they start.

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I. Lu Hsun Art Academy, Yenan.

Then comes the play itself: a simple, stimulating drama on everyday but heroic themes, which always ends on a cheerful note of success in the struggle for the new democracy. The "chorus" then takes over with another song and dance to summarize the moral.

"A good Yangko party goes on for hours, with several shows, in a gay and happy community atmosphere such as I have never seen elsewhere in China," Gunther Stein says. This can well be believed. Chinese everywhere enjoy theater more fully than in the West, and in the Border Region this enjoyment is fortified with a vigorous and happy zest in the social atmosphere that reflects the straight-forward, progressive political and economic life. And the enjoyment has that charming open-heartedness typical of the Chinese peasant when his pressing material needs have been met.

By all accounts, Yangko has swept the boards for popularity. It has captured the interest of the artists as well as of the people. Groups of artists, actors, musicians and writers spent six months from October 1943 in the villages performing and creating spectacles for Yangko. The main themes were: "the production drive, relations between the army and the people, love for the army, encouragement of labor heroes, conversion of loafers, anti-spy and anti-wizard plays," writes Chao Po-ping, chairman of the Cultural Association.

"Many of these Yangko really helped people to improve production. The Yangko *Mobilize!* encouraged many villages to try the advantages of "Mutual Labor Exchange." One out of every twelve people in the Border Region take part in Yangko performances."

Thus it seems that the question: "popularization or quality first?" solved itself. Quality demanded the utmost popularization. Actors, writers and musicians, forced to work collectively because of the very nature of the spectacle, had to be perfectly familiar with the living material of their themes, with the most intimate daily needs of their peasant audiences. In contributing their knowledge and advice, the peasants showed the utmost interest in the finished products of the artists' creation—and proved to be keen critics. They are fully competent to pass judgment on themes with which they are familiar and on the utilization of an art form which is a part of their democratic heritage.

Many artists who came to the Border Region have continued to perfect their art along lines that are typical of the modern woodcut in the urban centers. But the Border Region has introduced some distinctive new features in this general process of modernization and democratization. The artists have increasingly merged themselves into the life of the Region. Artists have emerged from the people themselves. Hence there is a new authenticity and actuality in the treatment of genre subjects. These new woodcuts have, like the Yangko, become woven into the very texture of life of the Region. Now we see gaily

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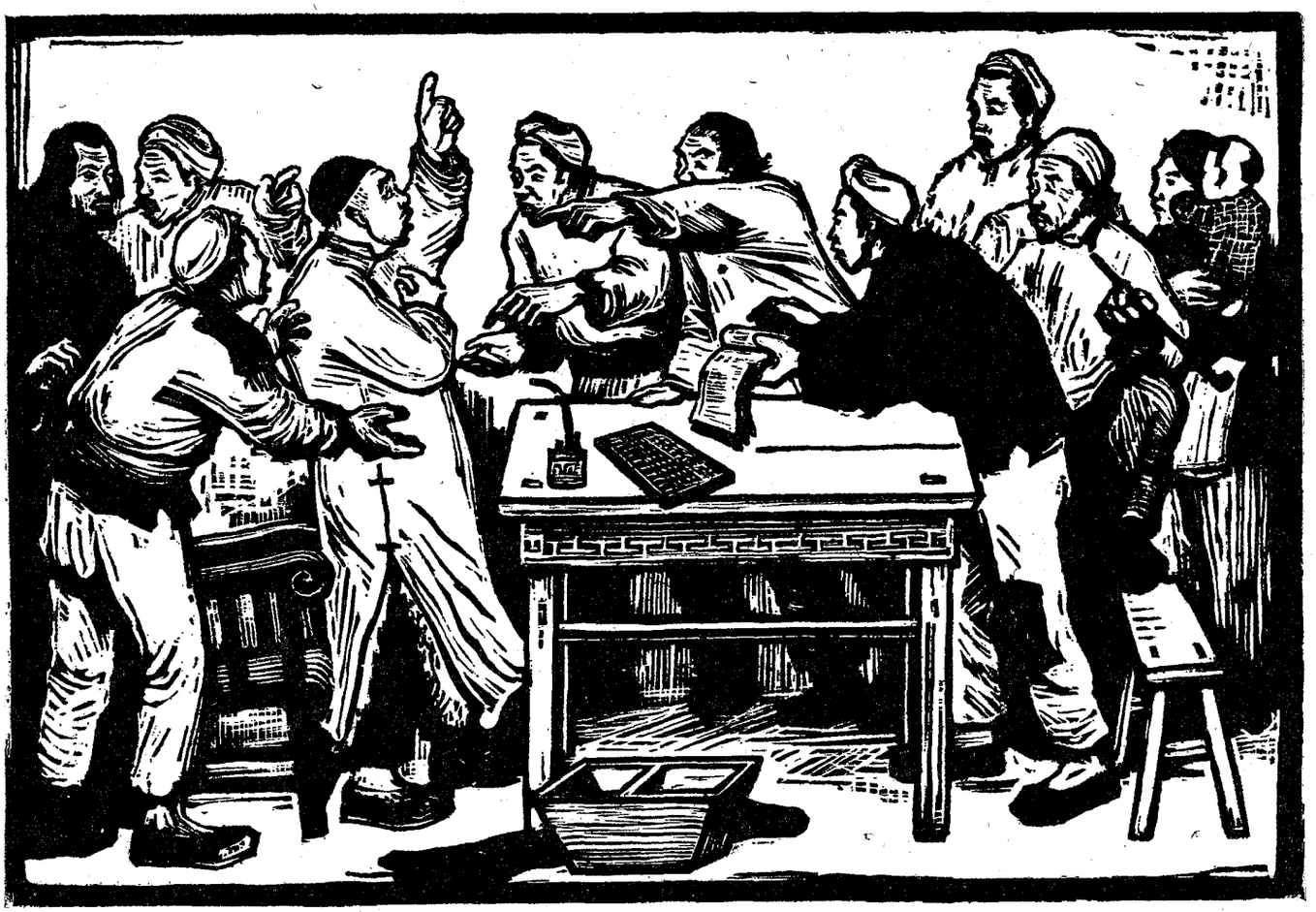
colored broadsheets in the living and popular traditional style of the ancient paper icons that are still used by millions of peasants and villagers to bless and decorate their houses, boats, workshops, carts or machines. But these new "icons" stimulate production, education, respect for labor. The handicraft woodcuts that are also used for decoration in the home have an authentic folk art feeling of great simplicity and charm. This delving into the art of the people seems, too, to evoke ancient cultural memories and revivify them.

Today, in common with the whole Region, and despite the hardships of the war, victoriously ended, the living conditions of the artists have been greatly improved. There is still no chance to acquire a large personal fortune, but there is unlimited scope for fame. A basic livelihood is guaranteed through their organizations, with all the essential elements of social security: medical treatment, housing, use of children's creches and homes, etc. The government provides all facilities necessary for travel in the Region on reportage assignments. The allowance for artists is the same as that for doctors, more than twice that for a general. It is likely that these conditions of wartime mobilization and austerity will be continued for some time until normal peacetime conditions are established.

Nakata.



Lu Hsun Art Academy, Yenan.

"A Fight to Reduce the Rent," woodcut by Ku Yuan.

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JUSTICE BLACK'S BATTLE

"Without support from the administration, Black and the Court must depend on the audible support of the trade unions and the people."

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

This is the second of two articles by our Washington editor on the Jackson-Black controversy.

Washington

UNTIL the advent of Hugo Black every justice of the Supreme Court who achieved a following among liberals did so through his dissents. Justice Black, too, might have gained more glamor and been the object of more adulation by the liberals if he had lost votes and become the symbol of the futility of libertarian protest which stamped every "great justice" in the history of the Court up to 1937. Instead, when he was appointed by the late President Roosevelt in August 1937, a couple of months after Roosevelt lost his battle for legislation to liberalize the Court, Black set out to win a majority for the Roosevelt concept of what the Court should be.

This Black did, not all at once, not easily, but through great effort, patience, study, skill and leadership, and, it is said by close observers of the Court, through some of the political know-how he had learned in the cloakrooms of the Senate. Instead of masterly dissents, of which there have always been some in the Supreme Court, even in the Reconstruction days when the majority was knocking out civil rights for Negroes and upholding anti-miscegenation and segregation laws of southern states, for the first time in the history of the Court there emerged progressive majority opinions.

Always sensitive to the role of the Supreme Court in the great struggles taking place in the country, organized labor at the time Black came on the bench had had its eyes glued to the Court for two years. These two years had seen the inception of the CIO, which counted so heavily on the upholding of the National Labor Relations Act, passed on July 5, 1935. But while the Court, which had thrown out the Triple A (Agricultural Adjustment Act), on April 12, 1937 in the Jones & Laughlin steel case upheld the NLRA, Chief Justice Hughes had written in a limitation which would have seriously crippled it. Not only this, but the interpretation of the Social Security Act was not settled. Employers who had insisted the Wagner Labor Relations Act was unconstitutional continued to fight it on other grounds, just as they now are trying to limit it through riders and other legislative tricks maneuvered by their stooges in Congress.

For forty years employers who wanted to break strikes had gone into federal courts and obtained injunctions against unions, and the Supreme Court had used the anti-trust laws to uphold them. But now a new day had come. Under the impact of the great mass struggles of the thirties, out of which arose a new, vigorous labor movement, the New Deal program was shaped. The same forces that produced Franklin D. Roosevelt produced Hugo Black. Adherents of capitalist democracy with all its limitations, they nevertheless recognized the threat to this democracy from big business reaction and saw the necessity of giving a larger measure of security and freedom to labor and the ordinary people of the country. Together they undertook the difficult task of bringing the Supreme Court in line with the new times, with the outlook of the overwhelming majority.

No one but Justice Black, say labor lawyers, at least no one less knowledgeable politically or less diligent in hunting out ways of persuading a diversified majority to accept his philosophy of law, could have wrested from this Court the large body of progressive decisions it boasts. Jackson does not have this quality of leadership, this ability to operate with the Court as a team, nor does Justice Felix Frankfurter, who, in the words of one lawyer, "has a high regard for the Court as an end in itself rather than an instrument for justice," but whose vote is so often on the side of reaction. One observer remarked to me: "All the rules devised by the Supreme Court in its decisional process for the protection of capitalism, the relation of the federal government to the states, the due process clause, all the legal foundations of capitalism, the Court keeps in constant repair. It sharpens here, whittles down there, adapts them to changing times, as the capitalist economy changes in form and requires new formulations of law. But whereas Justice Holmes declared that it was improper for judges to act in accordance with their 'economic predilections,' Black recognizes in a forthright fashion that men and issues are shaped by economic forces.

"He recognizes that behind the particular phrase is a particular oppression, and it takes color and shape to him because as the son of a poor dirt farmer who didn't even know a good log cabin, he could smell an oppression, and within the narrow limitations of the Court he has tried to prevent the Court from acting as the ultimate sanction of reaction."

IN TAKING the fairly rigid formulae of constitutional law and shaping them to apply to workers and Negroes in the South who had known terrorism protected by state political machines and corrupt courts, Black employed not only his profound legal knowledge, which, despite the early calumny heaped on him, won him the plaudits of law professors and authorities. He employed his own knowledge of trial courtrooms and politics as politics is practiced in his native state of Alabama. He understood what lay behind the formal phrases of men like Florida's Atty-Gen. Tom Watson.

Like Sen. Claude Pepper, perhaps the only other figure in public life who so nearly embodies the Roosevelt traditions, Black's schooling was an intimate knowledge of the deep South, where reaction is so naked that a boy from the wrong side of the tracks soon figures that this is a society where you play for keeps. Coming from sections where class divisions and the divisions

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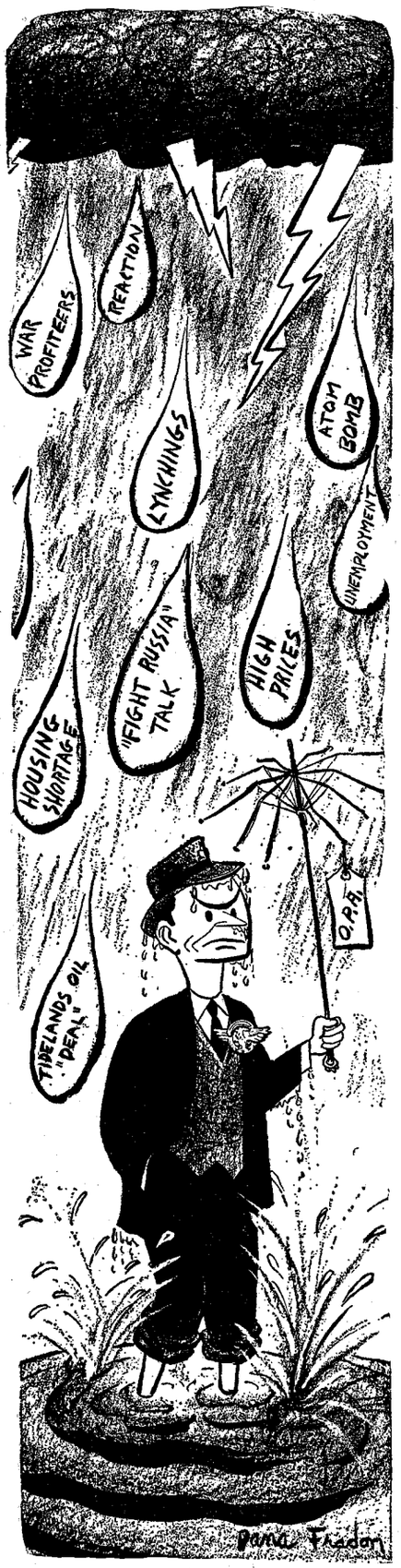
between black and white are more clearly polarized than anywhere else in America, both men seem to recognize that what's involved in the current



"Into each life some rain must fall."

legislative and judicial struggles is an attempt on the part of reaction to enslave the worker and whittle down democratic rights.

Black's record spells out his awareness that the Supreme Court is a part of the whole play of power in our society. Faced with procedures grown hoary and rigid, he proceeded to strip the Court of the mumbo-jumbo with which it was surrounded, and, at first in dissents and later in majority opinions, he tried to make law a living reality for the protection of civil rights.

One of the jobs of the justices in the summer months when the Court is not in session is to go over a mass of cases to see which ones they should review. Black soon showed a genuis for picking cases involving penniless Negroes without funds to hire lawyers, especially Negroes who had been beaten and tortured by state or local authorities into giving "confessions." Heretofore the Court had been extremely chary of reviewing these cases.

Jackson, for instance, has been reluctant to interfere in state criminal cases, on the ground that the state is sovereign. Black, on the other hand, by dint of hard work on these cases and by his persuasiveness, gradually made the Court amenable to looking into the facts which had been so negligently treated in the lower courts of the South. One of these was the Chambers case, involving four Negro youths whose lives hung in the balance before the Court decided that the confessions tortured from them in Florida were in violation of the federal civil rights statute. In this case Black wrote in the majority opinion:

"Under our constitutional system courts stand against any winds that blow, as havens of refuge for those who might otherwise suffer because they are helpless, weak, outnumbered, or because they are non-conforming victims of prejudice and public excitement. . . . No higher duty, no more solemn responsibility, rests upon this Court than that of translating into living law and maintaining this constitutional shield . . . for the benefit of every human being subject to our Constitution—of whatever race, creed, or persuasion."

While Black has insisted that on the question of civil liberties it was the Court's function to protect the individual, he has often adopted a states'-rights position in economic matters, because progressive laws on regulation of industry for many years originated largely in the states. One of his strongest opponents in decisions on civil liberties cases originating in the states has been Frankfurter.

In the free speech case of Bridges versus Cafifornia, Black delivered the majority opinion, reversing the lower court's judgement that a published telegram Harry Bridges sent to the Secretary of Labor regarding a case being tried, was in contempt of court. Frankfurter wrote the dissent, joined by Stone, Roberts and Byrnes. Black wrote that Bridges' threat that a strike would result was not a threat "to follow an illegal course of action," but was within the right to petition the government guaranteed in the First Amendment. And, he added, the timeliness and importance of the utterance by "a prominent labor leader" should be interpreted as "emphasizing rather than diminishing the value of constitutional protection."

ONE of his early dissents in 1938 left little doubt as to how Black stood on matters of property where the public interest was involved, and this trend was to show itself consistently in his votes on patent cases and state regulation of utilities. The Constitution declares that no person should be deprived of life, liberty or the pursuit of happiness without due process of law. In 1886 the Court held that the term "person" included corporations. In the next fifty years the due process clause was used in order to protect the property of corporations, and scarcely at all in protecting liberties of the unpropertied. Black therefore caused a stir when in the New York Life Insurance Co. versus Garner case, his dissent boldly stated that the due process clause didn't apply to corporations.

Likewise in 1938 Black was the sole dissenter in an Indianapolis Water Co. case where the Court held certain water rates violated the due process clause because the state commission levying them didn't assure the company a six per cent return on the "reproduction cost" of its system, which cost should include "the rising trend of prices." So blistering was Black's dissent, and so sound legally that the company failed to take advantage of the new hearing it was awarded, and operated with apparent comfort thereafter under the rates the majority of the Court had found to be confiscatory and unconstitutional.

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Later in the Federal Power Commission versus Hope Natural Gas Co. case Black won a majority to his viewpoint, holding valid a reduction of rates. Douglas wrote the opinion and Black and Murphy agreed, but wrote a concurring opinion in order, they said, to add nothing but a protest against "what is patently a wholly gratuitous assertion as to Constitutional law in the dissent of Mr. Justice Frankfurter." Frankfurter had claimed that it was "decided more than fifty years ago that the final say under the Constitution lies with the judiciary and not the legislature." Black and Murphy insisted that Congress hadn't abdicated all authority over "regulation of economic affairs," despite Frankfurter.

It is in the thirty-two page dissent of Justice Jackson in this case that you get the real flavor of a Jackson dissent. Speaking loftily of the state commission's failure to add a seventeen million dollar well-drilling cost, Jackson wanted the Court to return the case to the commission in order to be "clearly quit of what now may appear to be some responsibility for perpetrating a short-sighted pattern of natural gas regulation."

Lawyers point out that Black's opinions, while lucid and in language that cannot be misunderstood in any court, are not studded with the prose gems of Jackson's, or the clever profundities of Frankfurter's. It is not that he works less hard on them, for he writes and rewrites them, it is said. But he writes with the layman as well as lawyers in mind—something which is practically unprecedented on the Supreme Court. Futhermore, his opinions must represent the common level of the thoughts of a number of men when they are majority opinions, which they usually are. To get that majority he has to trim here and add there, to curb his own expression, often to compromise. He cannot permit himself the luxury of precise expression of his own philosophy of law, as did in an earlier period the great dissenters, Brandeis and Holmes, Cordozo and Stone.

Not that Black, particularly in his early years before his leadership won over more and more frequently these so different-thinking men in the wavering and fluctuating majority he formed, ever hesitated to make a bold dissent if he found he could not win. If the majority ruled against labor's basic rights as he saw them, he dissented, no matter how politically unpopular that dissent was with Congress. Notable was the dissent in the historic Fansteel Metallurgical Corp. sitdown case, a dissent in part which was written by Justice Stanley Reed and concurred in by Black. "The point is made," it said, "that an employer should not be compelled to reemploy an employe guilty, perhaps, of sabotage. This depends upon circumstances." It was the function of the NLRB, they said, to weigh these, and not the courts' function to "interfere with the normal action of administrative bodies." Pointing out that evidence of espionage had been introduced by the union, they said, "It cannot be said to be unreasonable to restore both (management and labor) to their former status," including sitdown strikers.

The NLRB lost Black's vote only once, in the Virginia Electric case, when it was remanded back for re-trial in such a way that the NLRB knew, thanks to Black, what to do to get it upheld by the Court, and did. Lawyers before the Court frequently explain one of the numerous ways in which Black has managed to get majorities upholding, at first, the constitutionality of New Deal legislation, and latterly, a workable statutory construction of the laws. If he wants to bring out the weakness of an argument he opposes, he innocently asks questions, never forgetting an old theory of trial practice that in cross-examination you never ask a question without knowing what the answer will be. Or if he wants the side he favors to emphasize a point—and he usually has studied a case in advance of oral argument—he lets the lawyers know by his questions. He never wastes questions and lawyers knowing this study them carefully, unlike Frankfurter's questions, which roam here and there for his own delight. "Actually, Black works as hard as we do in oral orgument," one lawyer said. He works in the same way he did as Senator when almost single-handedly he conducted an investigation into the lobby opposing the Public Utility Holding Act, and turned the tide of Congress in favor of the act."

Hand.

THE attack on the progressive character of the Court, symbolized by Justice Jackson's scathing personal attack on Black, comes at a moment when labor is facing new threats. Whether Black, who will not quit, can hold a majority remains to be seen. At stake are labor's painfully won gains, and the partial rights of citizenship and civil liberties won by Negroes and signified in such Court decisions as the Texas white primary case and the outlawing of segregation on interstate bus travel.

Doubtless Black's development on the Court was hastened by Frankfurter's turn toward reaction, and Jackson's opportunism. With Roosevelt gone, supplanted by a President capable of calling out the troops to break a railway strike and surrounded by profits-first men like Sec. of the Treasury Snyder, the Supreme Court with its progressive majority is noticeably out of step with the rest of the government. Without any show of support from the administration, Black and the Court must depend on the audible support of labor and the people when the Congressional attack begins again in earnest, as it will. Labor is fully aware of how Black, within the rigid scope allowed by the juridical process, has contributed toward checking reaction. Jackson's attack on Black is undoubtedly only the forerunner of a determined effort to change the character of the Court. Congressmen and Senators should be committed wherever possible in the coming campaigns to resist this assault.

CORRECTION

An unfortunate typographical error was printed in the classified ads in our last issue. In the ad listed under "Child Care" the line "white: Box 46 NM" should have read "write: etc." NM, of course, never accepts or publishes advertisements which cater to racial prejudice.

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UPON SEEING A SKETCH AT AN EXHIBIT

By ARTHUR GREGOR

These were the initial points of visual perception:
She is dead
and holds their dead child in her arms.
Now weeps the willow tree in branches
brittle are the weeping leaves . . .
The sun slimy within pits of mud
talks of universe concentric
in typhoid trenches,
of hills without shadow
of air too lean for hungry breath
and of their death;
mirrors in yellow filth
the mood of this white-framed oblong,
portrays the frozen hearts
that left bodies and came to nip
the quartz of weeping trees . . .

All upside down within this scene:
The paralysed mouth,
the stares that scream
and balance the drastic two-tone
of bloodshot iris wild within the skeleton.
We see him standing there
and from his look and color differential
derive that he has come home,
has wandered across lands of living bones
to find that his are not alive.
What once was farm
is now an open grave,
deprived of moves to touch
he cannot without arm
dig sorrow in the earth,
cannot even feel how cold the mass
that he had hoped would heal
as breath the empty pits
where arms should be,
would sooth the pains
knifed with flame into his flesh,
numbers that strike us like
veins gone mad upon his back;
cannot scream of suppressed embraces,
can only blur their faces
with flood-like reflections
of his barren eyes.
While our eyes are screen
for twisted, painful pulses of the heart,
we know we cannot ever part this scene
from our mind,
where now you take on forms that live,
and tell of grief, your utter disappointment
and hopes now ultimately lost.
Now part of us, you grope queerly—without arms—
in strokes of hate
in our hearts and minds for answers
to questions hard to formulate,
with words you cannot shape—paralysed mouth.
But as you have been carved within our flesh,
have been swerved within our heart,
we understand your pulses
as we know our own.
You meant no harm, wrought into your farm
young sweat and hope and love,
cheered the sun when cooling your body
in her reflections in the water pits nearby,
restricted tears in your lover's eye
when the smiling moon threw white
between the lovers' shady moods of night,
helped the peasants build their homes
as they had helped you build your own,
never a frown, gay costumes, dancing with her
at the country fair,
her hand, she said, felt like silken gloves
hiding her passion in your hair,
while your hands would build and build and build
for her and child. . . .
And then the years which you could never understand . . .
Why . . . why away from wife and child,
why why this beating, this laughing in slave-depth,
ploughing their insanity within my flesh
and whips in sweating earth . . .
and then they screamed with laughter
rolling in low depth,
ripped out your arms with flames
and insane dreams of blooming farms
and insane screams that exploded orbits torn from space,
paralysed your face, made lame brain movement.
You ask us WHY?
Impossible, utterly impossible
to equate in logic such bestial festivity,
Impossible to answer in direct emotional terms
and give reasons.
We can only tell you
that they have lashed upon you
the morbid tortures of a treason
that they have committed,
that they have admitted upon us,
Can only tell you that they tried to whirl
the globe balanced by a finger,
tried to sip the heat from the equator
with insulated straw, but
could not.
And so we have paid for all the vileness of their action,
because they know we understand
and shrink from their sanctimonious protection,
which they know we do not need.

Let freely bleed the thoughts upon this sight
beneath the blue-white fluoroscope.

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review and comment

MAXIM GORKY AND WRITERS

How one man fused his revolutionary values with warmth and concern for creative tasks.

By CHARLES HUMBOLDT

MAXIM GORKY: REMINISCENCES. *A Pursuit Press Book. Dover Publications.* $2.75.

EVERYONE is attracted by the reflections of key figures of history or art, but none are more fascinated than writers by the notes of their own kind. The pool of memory becomes a fountain of youth, half real, half legendary. One is teased by naive hopes in which he knows better than to believe. What will it do to me to drink here? Will I learn how to become immortal? A kind of primitive faith seizes the writer in the grip of greatness.

In fact, as one reads Gorky's memoirs it seems there is at least one kind of human grandeur that can be studied: greatness of heart. Two contradictory forces operated in Maxim Gorky, an unswerving sense of principle and a wonderful tolerance which could envelope others with hatred as flamingly as with love, yet not destroy them. Neither of these powers could once and for all overcome its rival, and so ethics and imagination both grew mighty in their equal contest for Gorky's mind. They were always being torn apart by the paradoxes of reality and each time re-fused in his revolutionary consciousness. The need to judge men and the drive to recreate them which, separately, provide a life's work for any one prophet or artist, both found expression in this man who became as vital to the story of mankind as to the history of literature.

Leonid Leonov, speaking in commemoration of the ninth anniversary of Gorky's death, remarked that he possessed a gift bestowed only upon the truly great: he was able to increase the quality and productivity of any seed that he held in his hand but for a few minutes. Gorky's relations with other writers are the best evidence of this creative force. He wrestles with Tolstoy, Chekhov, Andreyev and Blok like a dramatist with his characters, continually drawing from them astonishing revelations, tempting them to surprise him, scaling their heights and letting them lead him into the blackest caves of the mind. He is at once man and playwright, sufferer and artist, a man whose questions and remonstrances always drew truthful cries from his subjects.

It is this aspect of Gorky's notes that provides such valuable lessons for us. He shakes our critical complacency, allowing us to see the writer not merely as a sociological phenomenon, nor a simple ideologue of reaction or progress, but as a creature complex, slippery, looking for truth in places about which the textbooks are silent. "So-called great men are always terribly contradictory: that is forgiven them with all their other follies." That is how he wrote of Tolstoy, that cross between an Old Believer and a dancer in the Rites of Spring. The almost perverse backwardness of Tolstoy infuriated him: "In Lev Nikolaevitch there is much which at times roused in me a feeling very like hatred, and this hatred fell upon my soul with crushing weight." Tolstoy's impulse to martyrdom evoked in him feelings of deep repulsion: "It was an attempt to use violence upon me, a desire to get hold of my conscience, to dazzle it with the glory of righteous blood, to put upon my neck the yoke of a dogma."

At times he equates Tolstoy's mentality with that of the most retarded peasant: "His attitude toward science too, is certainly national: one sees magnificently reflected in him the old, Russian village-scepticism which comes from ignorance. Everything is national in him and all his preaching is a reaction from the past, an atavism which we had already begun to shake off and overcome." Yet even in this passage the word "magnificently" reveals the ambivalent feelings that Gorky had toward this man who taught him so much without ever becoming his master.

One cannot help feeling that it was the incessant conflict between Tolstoy's perceptions and his confused social outlook, and between his natural impulses and his conscience, which drew Gorky to him. The phrase "noble suffering" is not out of place here. Gorky saw a man in continual anguish and self-blame, claiming that he had never known one happy day in his life: "The flesh should be the obedient dog of the spirit, running to do its bidding; but we—how do we live? The flesh rages and riots, and the spirit follows it helpless and miserable." It is no wonder that he could remark in momentary discouragement, "Men have become worn out, exhausted, terribly separated, and they are all chained to a loneliness which dries up the soul."

Yet Gorky was able to see that the very qualities for which Tolstoy reproached himself, as did Gogol out of a similar religious obsession, were the springs of his greatness. While Tolstoy spent his strength in futile abasement of himself, Gorky pictured him as an incarnate force of nature, whose will the sea and stones obeyed. He watched this giant in whose eyes inanimate things became alive, animals turned half human, and whose thoughts had to become men and women before he could rest untroubled by them. In Tolstoy he saw part of himself, much that he warned himself against becoming, and still more that he wished to be. He could well say, "I am not an orphan on the earth, so long as this man lives on it."

CHEKHOV was immeasurably closer to Gorky intellectually. He had a precise and contemporary social vision, free of mystical baggage. He despised gentility and banality, and observed with horror and contempt the waste of effort and creative power in bourgeois society. With all this, "he felt pity, and, if in his presence you abused anyone, Anton Pavlovitch would immediately defend him.

" 'Why do you say that? He is an old man . . . he's seventy.' Or: 'But he's still so young . . . it's only stupid-

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ity.' " Touches like this hint to us how short of reality merely formal literary criticism can fall, when it looks for no more than the style and the ideas implicit in a writer's work, ignoring the nature of the writer himself.

Perhaps Gorky's awareness of this impelled him to record Chekhov's opinion of critics. "Critics are like horseflies which prevent the horse from plowing. The horse works, all its muscles drawn tight like the strings on a doublebass, and a fly settles on his flanks and tickles and buzzes . . . he has to twitch his skin and swish his tail. And what does the fly buzz about? It scarcely knows itself; simply because it is reckless and wants to proclaim: 'Look, I too am living on the earth. See, I can buzz, too, buzz about anything.' For twenty-five years I have read criticisms of my stories, and I don't remember a single remark of any value or one word of valuable advice."

Gorky felt an unconstrained affection for Chekhov. Passionate to carry ideas into action, to do as well as think justice, he saw what a work of exploration his friend performed for the Revolution. If he was prone to hotter wrath, and advanced to a more profound understanding of the structure of society and of class conflict, he nevertheless knew that even Chekhov's despair was a defense of humanity, a shield which he, Gorky, could beat and sharpen into a knife.

HE WAS uneasy with Andreyev and Alexander Blok. He sensed the destructive element at work in both their minds, the coloring of misanthropy which they gave to their insights. Of Andreyev's writing he made the brilliant observation: "He behaved to his talent as an indifferent rider treats a superb horse; he galloped it mercilessly, but did not love it, did not caress it."

The impotence of thought disgusted Andreyev. Blok wanted to extinguish "this treacherous, misty little light that draws us deeper and deeper into the night of the world, and listen to the harmony of the universe with our hearts." Gorky could never be reconciled to such defeatism. He honored the creative power of thought, as he did man, "the source of thought, its furnace." He saw it as noble even in its consciousness of failure and limitation, and loved its products, "wise science, marvellous art."

When Blok spoke disparagingly of the Russian intelligentsia, "with hackneyed words of condemnation," Gorky rebuked him:

"I told him that to my mind the negative attitude toward the intelligentsia is one that is bred by the intelligentsia itself. It could not have been born among the peasants who knew the educated people only as represented by the self-denying village doctor or the exalted village teacher; neither among the workers who owe all their political education to the intelligentsia. This attitude is an unwholesome one, in addition to which it kills the self-respect of the intelligentsia, kills their esteem for their own historic works of culture."

This is followed by a short passage glorifying the role of the intellectuals in the revolution. Later events, and his own political development, were to make Gorky realize that he had overestimated the Russian intelligentsia's ability to understand the events it had helped to bring about. It should be remembered that Gorky was not a Bolshevik when he wrote these memoirs. He did not, therefore, take into account the class factors which would drive many of the intellectuals—sons of landowning, bourgeois and petit-bourgeois families—into the ranks of counterrevolution.

He was not yet in a position to see how, hypnotized by dreams and their own rhetoric, the intellectuals had still to face the reality of that proletariat which they loved so long—but at a distance. Their "disillusionment"—which Lenin foresaw and of which he warned Gorky—and Gorky's bitter disappointment in them were to come some years after. What is pertinent for us is not Gorky's overpraise of the intellectuals, but his reminder to them that their self-respect can be guaranteed only so long as they adhere to their revolutionary values.

Surely, he had sharp differences with Blok and Andreyev. Yet he remembered Blok's gentleness with a prostitute, and how Andreyev was arrested for letting the Central Committee of the Bolsheviks meet in his flat. At the outbreak of the First World War, Gorky was estranged from Andreyev over their divergent attitudes toward it. They met again in 1916 and to avoid arguing spoke only of the past.

"I shall not be violating the truth," he writes, "if I say that to me that wall (of irreconcilable differences) was transparent and permeable; I saw behind it a big, original man, who for ten years had been very near to me,

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my sole friend in literary circles.

"Differences of outlook ought not to affect sympathies; I never gave theories and opinions a prominent place in my relations to people.

"Leonid Nikolaevich Andreyev felt otherwise. But I don't blame him for this; for he was what he wished to be and could not help being—a man of rare originality, rare talent, and manly enough in his seekings after truth." The man who wrote this was no miserable cynic, indifferent to principle through contempt for man. It was Maxim Gorky, who was murdered by Rightist and Trotskyite plotters for his devotion to the theory and practice of the Soviet regime, the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Again it must be emphasized that the above passage was written before the treason of the counterrevolutionary intellectuals was revealed to Gorky. When it was disclosed, he learned not to allow personal relations to interfere with the expression of his principles. Of course, even in the case of Andreyev, he did not permit his feelings to compromise his ideas. Gorky did not take anyone's thought lightly. His tolerance cannot be confused with liberal tepidity.

It is almost superfluous to say that even when he wrote of Andreyev this tolerance did not embrace that horde of ruling class apologists—novelists, publicists, "thinkers," "historians," and what not—who are called intellectuals only because they write as much as they read, writing in order to live well. He would not have understood as such what can pass for an "intellectual" in the United States today. For Andreyev do not read Edmund Wilson, Dorothy Thompson or Louis Bromfield.

Just as he did not intend these memoirs to be read as verdicts, so they cannot be scanned as the finished thought of Gorky. He was later to modify, in some cases flatly to contradict, many of the things said here. In his essays, *Culture and the People*, he developed much more rigorous demands upon the intelligentsia and treated it with less tenderness.

J. Shahn.

He had become a Bolshevik under the guidance of Lenin, whose patient but persistent reasoning had won him completely to the political line and tactics of the Communist Party. The efforts of the capitalist world to destroy the Soviet Union made him furious against those intellectuals who allowed scandal mongering to obtrude between them and their appreciation of the significance of what was taking place in the first socialist country in history. He asked them a question which regains a terrible pertinence today: "Do the intellectuals of Europe and America want a new world massacre which will still further decrease their ranks and augment both their impotence and savagery? The worker and peasant masses of the Soviet Union do not want a war. They want to create a state where all will be equal. But in the event of an attack they will rise to a man to defend themselves as one indivisible whole, and they will be victorious because history is working for them."

Keeping these changes in Gorky's approach in mind we are better able to measure his greatness. Gorky used the apprenticeship of his young-writer years to enrich his judgment. Enabling us to judge more rightly, he warns us against the vanity of judging too easily.

The enemy of individualism was the champion of individuality. Fighting snobbery in artists and smugness in critics, he welcomed men's unique gifts and pleaded latitude for their failures. For he saw these failures as necessary moments in their creative progress. On each word he watched the shadow of the hand that wrote it. Unsleeping awareness and attention to the intensely personal aspects of creative work were firmly coupled to his sense of social responsibility. This is what made him worth a thousand formal critics who cannot see the present for the past, or the splendid violation for the obvious rule. And it is what caused Leonov to say, "We, the present generation of writers, have all fluttered out of the broad sleeve of Maxim Gorky." American writers may not flutter out of that sleeve, but they can learn from Gorky that wisdom is never a staid conclusion but curiosity with a direction.

RELIGION IN RUSSIA

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Sahara March

DEEP SIX, *by Robert Carse. Morrow.* $2.50.

"DEEP SIX" is a particularly timely novel to be reading these days, what with the contractual struggles of the maritime unions so recently the subject of front page headlines. For it is a book about some of those merchant seamen whose militant unity around the CMU marked a high point in labor's postwar drive against the wage-slashers.

Carse's novel is the exciting account of nine seamen, and their ultimately successful efforts to escape their German and Vichy French captors, after their ship had been taken off the Africa coast. Actually there were seamen who, like their fictional counterparts in *Deep Six*, were forced after their capture, to make the grueling march across the Sahara sands.

The author, formerly a merchant seaman, writes with authority about his shipmates. And his recounting of one of the many heroic wartime exploits of America's seamen neither falsely romanticizes them nor understates their peculiar characteristics and considerable achievements. The plot of *Deep Six*—a small band of men outwitting a cruel and superior foe to fight and win their way to freedom—is a time-honored one, never failing in interest if the telling is, as in this case, a lively one. What gives Robert Carse's novel deeper substance is the underlying struggle raging within the hearts and minds of his chief protagonists—bosun Jerry Duane, Captain Corning, and radio officer Jarvis—to give validity and purpose to their fight for self-preservation. For these survivors of the fictional *SS Wolston Hill* learn through the travail imposed upon them by a brutal Nazi major and a warped Vichy underling that it is the totality of Nazism, Vichyism and reaction which they must combat if the lives they would save are to have meaning.

There are things to cavil at in *Deep Six*. The past history of each of the leading characters is inserted chapter by chapter with monotonous and irritating regularity. The dialogue dealing directly with political matters is self-conscious and bookish, as if seamen can't—and don't—talk as naturally about politics as they do of their beefs, their girls and anything else. But basically, and on the whole, Carse's seamen ring true. His hero, Jerry Duane, veteran of Spain and pioneer in maritime labor organization, is drawn with understanding and sympathy as a man who, worn and battered by his intense experiences, acquires new strength as he finds himself the only possible leader of his captive shipmates.

As an adventure story of the war; as a tribute to, and portrayal of, the men of the merchant marine; and as a pertinent reminder that the objectives for which plain men fought the anti-fascist war must not be lost, *Deep Six* makes good reading.

ROBERT FRIEDMAN.

Middle-Class Nostalgia

THE LOST LANDSCAPE, *by Winifred Welles. Henry Holt.* $3.

WHEN Winifred Welles, a writer of delicate, ephemeral verse, died in 1939, she left behind a volume of slightly fictionalized autobiography. The lost landscape of the title is the landscape of the past, which the author reconstructs for us with the aid of family stories and of ancient letters and mementoes stored away in the attic of her substantial Norwich home. As she moves in memory from Revolutionary to Victorian times her portraits become less incisive and more sentimental. It becomes clear that the past she cares for most is her immediate, comfortable, upper middle-class past. The latter is projected in the manner of a Hollywood chronicle wherein Greer Garson is automatically the gracious, strong-willed mother and Walter Pidgeon or Gregory Peck is the handsome father who proves his social superiority by making a fortune, and his intellectual superiority by reading Poe and Tennyson.

This lost Victorian landscape emerges in its true colors whenever the family comes in contact with "the aliens" and "the lower clawsses." The Irish are "the hodcarriers, the ditch-diggers, and the servants. Illiterate, uncouth . . ." (p. 35) but *so* picturesque and poetic; the Jews are grotesque, shabby, plaintive, and smell of the Old World (p. 291); the poor are ignorant and appropriately grateful for the largesse of their betters. "It was in the tradition of the well-born to expect and to welcome the dependence of the ignorant, the needy, and the humble" (p. 230).

The landscape of gentility and paternalism has, unfortunately, not been lost completely. Democratic Americans will not mourn for it when it is gone.

SEYMOUR GREGORY.

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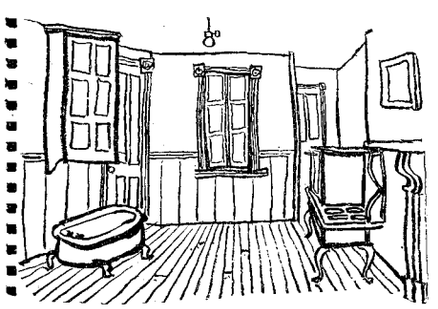
Creative Americana

AMERICAN LEGEND. *A Treasury of our Country's Yesterday. Selected by Robert and Dorothy van Gelder. D. Appleton-Century.* $3.75.

THE van Gelders' idea was "to assemble a kind of reservoir of reading, consisting of word pictures of American life that were sharp enough to stick in our minds and hardy enough to grow into our imaginations and fine enough to be repeatedly enjoyed." This "picture of America" was not necessarily to "teach or preach" but simply "to take readers into the living company of people of another time, another place. . . ."

Within this moderate framework, and understanding that peoples and places do not make up the totality of American life, the van Gelders have proved themselves exceedingly competent anthologists. The backbone of their volume consists of three novels, the best of which, in terms of the American legend, is Esther Forbes' *A Mirror for Witches*. This selection is a bargain-counter special, for not only does it present a people and a place that aided in the formation of the American legend (which is all that the van Gelders promise) but it also mirrors an idea—the religious fanaticism and hypocrisy of New England during the witch craze—important to the legend, and, finally, through its archaic, yet absorbing style, it manages to catch the prevalent mood of the period which it treats.

In purely literary values alone, the other novels approach *A Mirror for Witches*. Eudora Welty's *The Robber Bridegroom* is a delightful piece of folklore exaggeration that doesn't say anything and doesn't have to. It treats a world of fairy tale—and one completely indigenous to America—in a fairy tale style. Though the action of the story is quickly forgotten, the people (Mike Fink, Jamie Lockhart, Rosamond, Clement, the Goat) are vivid and alive, sharp enough and hardy enough for almost any mind or imagination. Finally Edith Wharton's *The Old Maid* relates the individual problem of two women who share the daughter of one of them, relating it—contrary to the movie version—without a shred of sentimentality. Quite above the specific problems of the story, however, and perhaps more important, is the rare and telling objectivity with which Miss Wharton limns the fenced in lives and the steel moral walls of upper class New York of the 1850's.



Stefanelli.

People and place at a particular time continue to be emphasized in the novel excerpts. The piece of whimsy chosen from Melville's *Moby Dick*, concentrates on whalers and the whaling city of New Bedford around the middle of the nineteenth century. From the same period come the excerpts from *The Adventures of Huck Finn*: here Huck lazily watches the search for his own, supposedly drowned, body, meets the runaway slave, Jim, and begins the Mississippi River Jaunt, then finally stands by as the feudin' Grangerfords kill and are killed by the Shepherdsons. In retrospect the same period is dealt with in *The Sheltered Life*, where Ellen Glasgow lets the two-lived Southern gentleman muse upon a life in which "what he had wanted, he had never had; what he wished to do, he had never done. . . ." Finally, in the most unfortunate selection of the anthology, the excerpt from Tarkington's *Seventeen*, the reader is presented with a completely false picture of the middle-class American adolescent male during the early twentieth century.

The peoples and the places one meets in the short stories are almost as memorable as those found in the longer selections. Jessamyn West successfully treats the Quaker and his conscience in *The Battle of Finney's Ford*, Conrad Richter pictures the near desert country of the Valley Grande in *Long Drouth*, and Hamlin Garland, in *A Day's Pleasure* depicts the middle westerner, and especially the lonely lot of the midwestern woman with a poignancy that almost, but not quite, compensates for the omission of Sherwood Anderson. Among the remaining selections are two of the lesser known writings of Bret Harte and O'Henry, *The Devotion of Enriquez* and *The Last of the Troubadors*, and two oft-anthologized works, Benet's *The Devil and Daniel Webster* and Thurber's *The Night the Bed Fell.*

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JAMES LIGHT.

Continent Awake

MY AFRICA, *by Mbonu Ojike. John Day.* $3.75.

SOME years ago a typical lackey of imperialism, the governor of Kenya, told one of the innumerable English Parliamentary investigating committees that "the African, of course, has no views at all" concerning the conduct of affairs in his own continent. And Pearl Buck, in introducing Ojike's valuable work, quite properly feels it necessary to remark of Africa: "It is not a land of savages. Neither is it a wilderness."

These quotations illustrate the shroud of misinformation and censorship that the exploiters have succeeded in weaving around this enormous land mass into which one could put all China, India, the United States and half of Europe, and within which live somewhere between one hundred and fifty and three hundred million people (the inhabitants, in resisting head counts as devices for taxation and peonage, make official census returns patently ridiculous, and so no accurate population figures exist).

Ojike's book does much to tear asunder this shroud. He is concerned chiefly with his own country, Nigeria, which is the most populous single political unit in Africa, containing something over 20,000,000 inhabitants.

Here will be found a colorful description of day-to-day rural Nigerian life, a presentation of its history, demography, resources, culture, trade and current political and economic enslavement to England. The basic importance of the land, stolen from the people, and the policy of forcibly maintaining low prices on agricultural commodities, thus impoverishing the farmers, are explained. The continued parasitic role of the Royal Nigerian Company, which today receives one-half of all royalties obtained from mining operations, is shown, and one learns that British business has received about $70,000,000,000 in dividends from Nigeria alone since its conquest in 1886.

Of particular interest is the material depicting the militance and growing political maturity of the African, most notably the West African. Here will be found the stirring story of the Nigerian Women's Rebellion of 1929 during which the English shot down over one hundred of the demonstrators, but were forced to rescind their proposed iniquitous tax policy. The development of the West African Farmers' Union, the Students' Union, and the Nigerian Trade Union Congress, the latter with over 500,000 members and an affiliate of the World Federation of Trade Unions, is delineated.

The demands are clear: "We want our own Nigeria. . . . *This is the hour,* the hour of liberation." The British are to begin leaving now, and the process of removal is to be completed in not over ten years. Meanwhile, mass education, industrialization and political democracy must be instituted at once, and directed by the African himself.

Ojike's book, taken together with those of Nyabongo, Mockerie, Tete-Ansa, Azikiwe and Orizu, would seem to make it impossible for even so purblind an ass as a typical British colonial bureaucrat to believe that "the African, of course, has no views at all." He has; they are most unhealthy for the imperialists, and they bring him into natural alliance with the progressive movement of all peoples, which is, before our eyes, refashioning the globe.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

One Crop Countries

INDUSTRY IN LATIN AMERICA, *by George Wythe. Columbia University Press.* $4.

A SOURCE book on industrial development in Latin American has been sorely needed for a long time. It is too bad that Professor Wythe has only partially fulfilled this need. He has written what is a most comprehensive and useful enumeration of industrial enterprises operating in the other American nations, of value to the student of Latin American affairs who is in a position to make up for its deficiencies.

These shortcomings, along with errors of omission, tend to create a rather erroneous view of the status of industrialization in the countries of Latin America. For instance, the author defines monopoly only as a Latin American government monopoly in the field of public utilities or in aid of native industries in need of protection. The powerful British and American mo-

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nopolistic enterprises are not properly identified, and the overwhelming control they exercise over the economy of Latin America is not presented. In dealing with Argentina, Professor Wythe does not discuss such important factors as the economic rivalry between the United States and Great Britain, the degree of Nazi economic penetration and the effect of these factors on Argentine national economy.

He strives to show how industrialization is developing rapidly in the countries of Latin America, but a close reading reveals that actually these states have been carefully retained as one-crop countries in the interests of the big capitalist powers, mainly the United States. One might also have expected a fuller analysis of economic relations between the Latin American countries and the imperialist states, particularly between these countries and the United States.

Despite these serious limitations, Professor Wythe has provided a reference work of considerable value. By effective supplementation a more rounded picture can be developed. A thorough-going study of Latin American industrialization is still needed. Its importance is increasing now that the United States is rapidly rushing ahead to complete its military as well as economic hegemony over all of the Western Hemisphere.

MARTIN T. BROWN.

the clearing house

WHEN Elizabeth Gurley Flynn spoke at a meeting in Phoenix, Arizona, recently, a bunch of bobby-soxers, prompted by a sort of misguided deviltry, threatened to break up the meeting. To the rescue came Earl (*Ballad for Americans*) Robinson, and in short order had them eating out of his hands. With his persuasive voice and stirring songs he transformed an antagonistic group of youngsters into an enthusiastic chorus who sang right along with him.

To prove that the Marxist's pen is mightier than the fascist's sword, Contemporary Writers, 106 E. 14 St., an organization of young Marxist and other anti-fascist writers, are planning to publish a book of workshop material this fall. . . . The Pete Seegers are expecting a little folk-singer. During the recent buyers'

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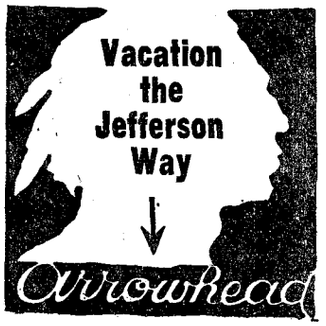

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strike, Pete Seeger and Bob Clayborne, a People's Artists singer, composed the *Black Market Blues* as they marched along the streets with the strikers. . . . Incidentally, People's Artists Inc., 6 E. 10 St., with its talent-finding genius is rapidly growing into a major booking agency. Unions, left-wing organizations or any group in need of entertainment are tapping it's sources for lively, fresh, up-to-the-minute young performers who will work for a minimum salary when the cause is good.

And the kids are good too. For instance, Oscar Brand, who also sings on WLIB and WNYC, was invited to entertain at the Fourth of July celebration in Central Park run by the University Forum of America, a thumbs-down organization. Unaware of its reactionary nature Oscar consented to sing. But when the Hon. Lambert Fairchild delivered a thorough going Red-baiting harangue, Oscar got his dander up. In no uncertain terms he told the audience to remember what Independence Day really meant and that the Constitution promised freedom for all men regardless of race or creed. Furthermore, to the Philippines, Independence Day 1946 version was a dirty deal.

Then Oscar Brand clinched his speech by singing songs like *Listen Mr. Bilbo* and *I'm a Battling Bastard from Bataan*. . . . Another People's Artists performer, Margot Mayo, plans to start a school of folk dancing soon. And Betty Sanders, the little girl who sings folksongs in eighteen languages, will give a concert at Times Hall Nov. 17. Betty made her debut at the Village Vanguard and will soon join such Vanguard alumni as Josh White, Judy Holliday and others who graduated successfully. . . . The theatrical section of the American Labor Party is planning a 16mm. film on how to get out the vote, a good thing to know.

Millard Lampell, who as a GI wrote moving dramas for the Army Air Force radio shows, will do a play on the Negro question this fall. . . . Stage For Action is lining up quite a few bombshells this fall. Writers like John La Touche and Yasha Frank go into production with *Why We Should Vote;* Theodore Ward, Theatre Guild prize winner, with a play on anti-Semitism; and Bob Adler and George Bellak, authors of the *Open Secret,* give forth with their new musical revue, which according to the grapevine is terrific.

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When Rod Geiger was a GI in Italy he bought the rights to the great anti-fascist film, *Open City*. He is back in Italy again with big plans to develop a progressive theater movement which will follow in the tradition of *Open City* and *Paison* and produce other films of the same militant and artistic caliber.

Listen Mr. Bilbo: One evening an old Negro woman went backstage after seeing the play, *On Whitman Avenue* and offered the cast five dollars. "Take the money," she insisted, "and buy two tickets for two white people." . . . We like Canada Lee's choice of reading matter. On a recent backstage visit we saw on his dressing table a copy of our own Herbert Aptheker's *Essays on the History of the American Negro*.

Beautiful sights dept.: Howard Fast's books given a complete window display at Scribner's on Fifth Ave. . . . Hamilton Fish Jr., who just loves Red de-baiting, had his ears pinned back by Howard Fast last week on a Radio Forum when they were discussing Fast's popular new book, *The American*.

Dashiell Hammett, master whodunit writer, is doing an equally fine job as president of the New York Civil Rights Congress fighting the case of Carlton Powell, Negro musician, who was brutally beaten by a cop when he attempted to get a taxi home from work.

Gabriel Peri was a founder of the French Communist Party, a Deputy from Argenteuil since 1932, Foreign Editor of *L'Humanite*, Paris correspondent for Pravda, teacher and fighter. On Dec. 15, 1941, Peri was murdered by the Nazis. While in prison Peri wrote his autobiography *Toward Singing Tomorrows* which was smuggled out before his execution and is now published by International Publishers. This inspiring document of a fighter who died heroically will take its place in the annals of Freedom's library. RUTH STARR.

Jamieson.

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